

ENGLISH REVIEW

1/2
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MAY, 1934

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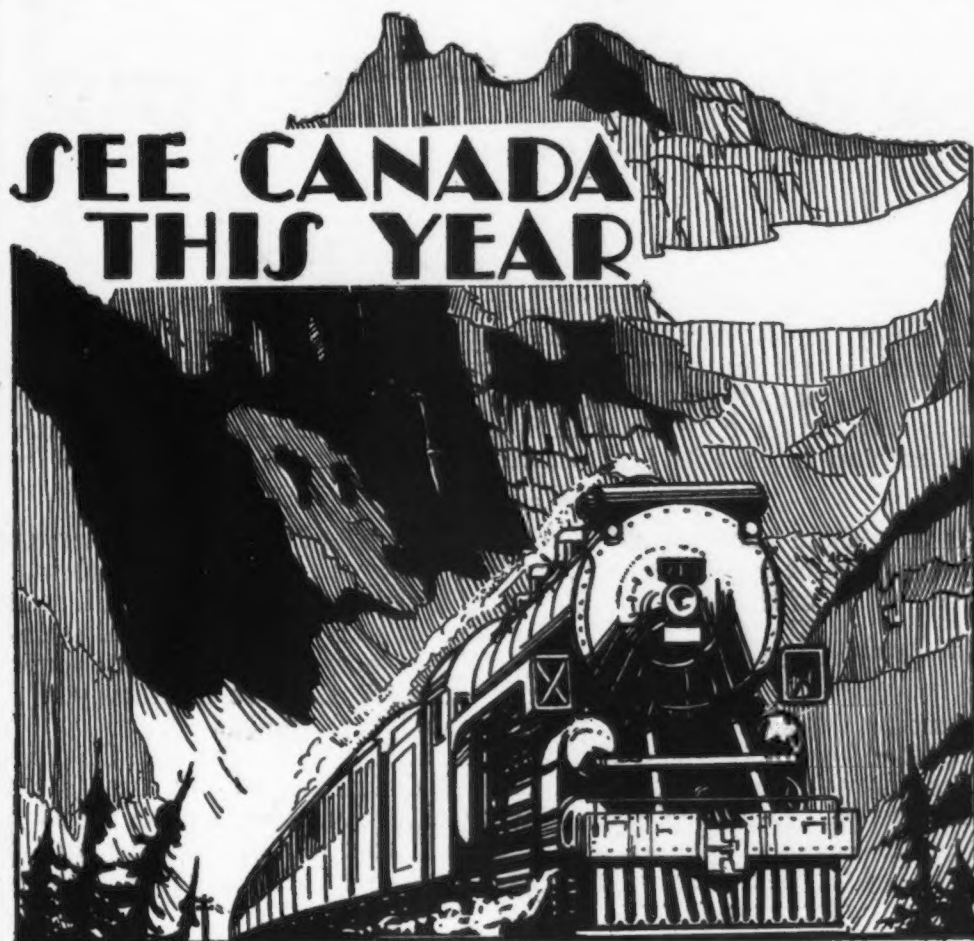
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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE future of Spain under a Republican Government will be watched with great interest. It is to be hoped it will not add to the instability of Europe, for the

Future of Spain

Spanish temperament favours short regimes and many changes of Government, not always unaccompanied by bloodshed, if the pattern in the past of those South American Republics which are largely populated by people of Spanish descent, is any criterion. We have, as a nation, old links with Spain. Irish soldiers of fortune made their home there and fought with great bravery and the utmost loyalty for the Crown.

* * * *

AT one time there were actually four Irish regiments in the Spanish Army, and to-day there are over 400 Irish families living as Spanish subjects in various parts of the country. They are the descendants of these Irish soldiers.

Irish Links

The Calle de los Irlandeses was an Irish quarter of some importance in Madrid, though now it is only an ordinary thoroughfare. Yet, true to their Catholic tradition, the Irish still possess a fine Parish Church, San Pedre de los Irlandeses.

Irish families can be found also in Cadiz, Malaga, Barcelona and Seville, and a glance through the directories gives such distinctive Irish names as Blake, Butler, Creagh, Kelly, O'Kelly, Moore, Murphy, O'Brien, O'Donnell and O'Donoghue. After all, that distinguished nobleman, the Marquis Merry del Val, the Spanish Ambassador for so long in London, is of Irish parentage on one side, and recalls the fact by retaining the name of "Merry."

* * * *

THEN, too, there are sporting memories of old Spain behind the Rock at Gibraltar, where the kennels of the Calpé Hunt are in Spanish territory. Many a good day have I followed the hounds with this historic pack. I recall in

Royal Calpé Hunt

1929 the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Bridgman as he then was, enjoying the hospitality of this Royal Hunt at its annual point-to-point races, held usually in April. The Hunt boasts of two royal patrons, our King and the King of Spain, and there is no other Hunt in the world that has the royal arms of two nations engraved on its buttons, as the Calpé has. Among its many supporters at home are Lord Derby, Lord Harewood and Lord Lonsdale, besides the sailors of the Fleet and the soldiers of the garrison.

* * * *

IT was the enforced idleness of the British troops behind the historic lines of Torres Vedras in 1812 in the Peninsular War that gave rise to the formation of the Hunt. Wellington permitted his officers to organize a hunt

Historic Antecedents

to while away the time. After the Peninsular War the Hunt moved to Gibraltar, and for well over a century has been one of the greatest attractions among the Rock's social pleasures. The war and the reduced garrison at Gibraltar had made its upkeep very difficult five years ago, but there was a whip round for a few thousands from sportsmen at home and the clubs and officers serving and retired who had in the past enjoyed themselves with the Hunt, and the finances were put straight. It is the only British Hunt that uses the lands of a foreign nation, and that on the friendliest possible terms.

The point-to-point races are most picturesque. First of all, after passing the

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frontier, the one and only road leads through cobble-paved villages, past green slopes, full of narcissus, past farms of animals kept for the bull-ring, to a racecourse in a beautiful glade with cork trees, eucalyptus, and gorse in view, and a grass sward brilliant with flowers, while in the distance can be seen the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

* * * *

SPANISH folk of all classes are present, chiefly farmers and their families. Tightly buttoned breeches, wonderful cummerbunds, boleros, sombreros, sinewy but lank horses, members of the Guardia Civile, splendidly garbed, **Picturesque** and pretty Spanish girls make up a remarkable picture. And **Point-to-Point** the Spanish ladies who ride, ride brilliantly. Add to this crowd British officers, naval and military, the Governor of the Rock and his staff, Spanish gentlemen of rank and their ladies, British soldiers and sailors, and bright sunshine, and the picture is complete. This is racing at the Rock. Will there be changes now? I hope not.

* * * *

BUT let me add this: I do not know if it is yet fully appreciated here that two members of the new Republican Cabinet, the Ministers of Labour and Education, are "Reds" and two are advanced Socialists, while the Premier **Will the** is only a Conservative Republican.

Republican Already there is the familiar desire to cut the age-long **Cabinet Last?** connection between the Church and State. To antagonize the Church may be, and probably is, a dangerous step. It will not gain the new Republic friends in other Catholic lands. The pages of history are writ large with the struggle between Cæsar and Peter, and the issue has invariably been, in the long run, on the side of Peter.

* * * *

HAIL and farewell! One Viceroy of India comes and the other departs. I think there is a general feeling of relief that Lord Irwin has gone, though no one wishes to undervalue his undoubted abilities and genuine enthusiasm for the particular policies he has initiated and endeavoured to carry out, often in the teeth of official opposition, particularly from those who know India best. The new Viceroy has no easy road to travel. "Much depends upon what he will both say and do when he gets into the saddle." This remark from one who holds high rank in India and has had forty years' experience in the country to guide his views, sums up the situation. I venture to say that Lord Willingdon will be most

CLUB GOSSIP

circumspect in his utterances, and certainly he will not be as pliable as his predecessor. He knows well what the Empire means. And at the same time, when he was in India before, he was a genuine admirer of the Indians themselves, and most friendly to them, more so than any other Governor of a Province had been before his time.

So he comes to India with excellent credentials as far as the Indians are concerned. But the India which he left a few years ago and the India to which he returns are very different, both in temper and ambitions. India should be left in no doubt as to who rules her destinies, the Viceroy and his Council, or Gandhi and the Congress. "Alas!" and again I quote my experienced Anglo-Indian official, "too many natives believe that Gandhi rules the roost."

* * * *

It is generally understood that next winter the King will sojourn in a sunnier climate, in all probability in the South of France, near the winter home of the Duke of Connaught. There should be no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements, for France will be highly honoured and will take every care to make it practicable for the King to be in touch with Westminster as if he were at Windsor or Sandringham. There is no question that the variable climate of the English winter—if, indeed, it can be called a "climate"—is most trying to everyone liable to chest affections.

The King's Winter Resort

* * * *

OUR Royal Family seem to have some weakness in this respect, and it is sometimes forgotten by the general public that there is a constant strain on the voices of its chief members. They are continually in request for functions and speeches. It is this as much as anything else, I am told, that gives rise to throat and chest weakness. The cure is rest, quiet, and sunshine.

Strain of Voice

* * * *

A GOOD deal of discussion is taking place in the clubs regarding the law applicable to sweeps. It is felt by a number of men, who desire to take no sides on the question, that unfair discrimination is being shown against the Irish Hospitals Sweep, while the Calcutta gets off scot-free. The official contention is that the Calcutta Sweep tickets or numbers are sold by members of the Calcutta Turf Club, and that it is not illegal to buy from a member.

Sweep Law

But this membership surely allows sales to be made from bank managers and many others who have never been on a racecourse in their life. What would happen if the Hospitals Sweep made a Club in Dublin and English, Scottish and Welsh bankers, brokers and sportsmen became members?

The Irish Free State is as much a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations as India. And if, as has been the custom for years, Calcutta Sweep tickets can be purchased from British banks all over England and the British Empire, without let or hindrance, then, in the case premised, the Irish Free State Sweeps could be purchased with equal safety. Sooner or later something will have to be done. For it is quite useless to expect any traveller from Ireland to reply "Yes" to the Customs official's query: "Have you any tobacco, whisky, scent or sweepstake tickets?" If he had not the first three and had a few books of the last-mentioned, he would justify his negative on the ground that it was a matter of his own private business, and, as sweepstake tickets were not legal, they were not dutiable.

* * * *

THIS reminds me that Merrion Square, that once noble quarter of aristocratic

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homes in Dublin, is nearing its final days. The great central green will be the site of the biggest Catholic Cathedral in Ireland.

Past Glories of Dublin

With the glories of Rutland Square gone, Dublin's social centres of generations past practically disappear. There is a vast difference between the Dublin of Cadogan's Viceroyalty and now. True, it is Dublin still, dear Dublin, as many will continue to call it, and rightly, but there is a strange silence in the old city and a void, which, if not heartbreaking, is disheartening. Still, the Irish are optimistic; so perhaps all will yet be well.

* * * *

THE Royal Tournament, followed by the Aldershot Tattoo, will be on us soon. I take off my hat to the soldiers who stage-manage these annual efforts so admirably from an artistic, and so successfully from a financial, point of view.

Soldier Stage Managers

When I read and learn of the trials of the ordinary civilian theatres and shows, the fickleness of crowds, the caprices of popular taste, I marvel that these military efforts continue the great successes they are.

Is it the skill of soldiers as stage-managers, or merely the attraction of the military for the crowd, which for all its peace aspirations and pretensions loves a soldier still? Or is it that these soldier stage-managers have mistaken their vocation and would be priceless as civilian managers of theatres?

* * * *

A LITTLE of both, but the fact remains that the material on which the soldier has to work for his success is there right to hand, ready and willing to obey, and while those soldiers who take part do it as their duty as well as their pleasure, they regard the Tournament and the Tattoo as a privileged duty, in which the credit of the Services—as well as their charities—are at stake.

Right Material Available

CLUB GOSSIP

Thus there is no great risk of failure financially, even if the public did not respond generously. Soldier stage-managers are good, but they have peculiar advantages.

* * * *

THE Royal Tournament holds its fifty-fourth meeting this year. Begun at a small gathering of Volunteers at Wimbledon to prevent the men from spending too much of their leisure time in town, it became an organized Tournament in 1880 under the patronage of the G.O.C. Home District, and was held at the Royal Agricultural Hall with the proviso that £500 of the profits should be devoted to military charities. The G.O.C. then was Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

History of the Tournament

But it was the musical ride of the Life Guards that suddenly galvanized the Tournament into public esteem. London went wild about it and the £500 for military charities swelled to £3,000. By 1897 it had reached £12,000, and to-day the figure is between £25,000 and £30,000, which is practically the limit that can be obtained in the present quarters at Olympia.

* * * *

EVERY crowned head of Europe has, at one time or another, sat in the Royal box and witnessed the Tournament. Thousands come from overseas to see it, and thousands cannot get in, for there is no room. Some would like to see the Tournament taking place in a much larger arena and in the open. But then the weather—the fickle English climate—might jeopardize the show. Moreover, the training of the sailors and soldiers for the show, and the show itself, take time, and it is impossible to give the Tournament a day's longer run without interfering with the normal training of those engaged in it. Thus it has now reached its limits, and alone among many wonderful shows, it has succeeded in filling Olympia day after day and night after night.

In the Open Air ?

* * * *

ANGLERS will be on the lookout between May 18 and 22 for the May-fly, but the date depends upon early or later summer heats. I believe that the trout on the rivers which this fly haunts seek it instinctively as their most luxurious meal of the year.

The May-fly

There is no doubt the May-fly helps trout to thrive amazingly, and increases their vigour. I recall fishing a stream in Hampshire at a time when the fly was just coming on the water for the first time, and in a minute on all sides there was the deep "plomp," "plomp," of big fish sucking down the tasty morsel.

I had none with me. My chagrin was intense, for no other fly in my book was of the slightest use. Since then from May till the second week in June I have never gone without some May-flies in my case.

* * * *

I HAD another bitter hour of remorse on the West Dart one day. I saw the largest freshwater eel I had ever come across glide under a rock. I was tempted to try it with a worm, and I did so with my fly tackle. I had none other. I caught it, but it smashed the rod into three pieces, and so fierce were its struggles that I had to wade in and haul it out by hand. It weighed just over 4 lbs. No more fishing was possible, and almost at once began a rise of trout which lasted for over an hour, and I watched a brother sportsman take out forty-five one after the other.

A Doubtful Victory

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Correspondence

The "Unprivileged" Classes

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Dr. A. J. Hubbard has omitted two advantages of the "unprivileged," each of which are of *more* importance than the six he enumerates. Except the unemployment "Dole" all are fully paid for by the recipients! But, in the Rents Restriction Acts, and in the right (through Trade Union Regulations) to restrict output and to make an artificial rate per hour pay the 90 per cent. have very great and costly (for not only the 10 per cent. but the whole nation) privileges. For our Export Trade exchange depends on our ability to "sell" without loss the labour put into, and paid for, in all finished manufactured products.

We *cannot do it*, and therefore we shall gradually decline as a nation in wealth and consequently in naval and military power. Until we educate the nation and show it the arbitrary rules and regulations as to how many bricks may be made or laid in an hour or in a day, or how many hours are paid for to plumbers, painters, carpenters and others for "dawdling," we must have dear houses and "rents" averaging from 25 to 33 per cent. of a man's wages. No Parliamentary candidate stands a ghost of a chance in any working class constituency if he says "Rents Restriction Acts must be now repealed." No Government *dare* repeal them; for Revolution would be the price paid. Nor can any Government now refuse to recognize the doctrine of Socialism, "Work or Maintenance"! Education in economics is all that is left to us.

Yours, etc.,

M. G. FITZGERALD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Truth about India

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—“Under the Banyan Tree” in your April number is the finest piece of writing in brief, to broadcast among the many deluded people of Britain, that I have yet read. It is attractive, and ably contrasts under that title the grim realities and the Sankey sentimentalities. It would be a really good and patriotic work to republish this paper in leaflet form at rd.

Mr. Jerrold's remarks are also excellent; the REVIEW pulls a good weight, and we all need to do this, to cure the nation of its dangerously soft-headed quality on the subject of India. Many magazines and journals steadily aggravate this quality; in fact, they have been the worst germ-carriers. I had the chance of talking long to a distinguished veteran Liberal editor, and he was certainly impressed by what I told him. He said, “All this makes me feel very gloomy.” But it is better for humanity that influential editors should be gloomy, rather than fatuous. It was pretty clear that this gentleman's Sankey-like optimism had come chiefly from optimistic home-fed journalism, not from any experience, nor from study of authoritative documents. It is this study which is so badly needed, intensively, by our leading men of all parties; but I call “Under the Banyan Tree,” by General Burton, an authoritative document, of the sort easily assimilable by the man in the street, where I should like to see it on sale.

This article could, if necessary, have a “Certificate” from a large number of ex-Indian Police Officers that it is not in the least “behind the times,” but accurately represents a *few* of the possibilities of disorder, if revolutionaries are not effectively repressed.

The title is just right and might even delude the young into thinking it was something with a “love interest,” like “Under the Deodars.”

Yours, etc.,

O. C. G. HAYTER.

Indian Police Service (retired).

24, Longton Avenue,
S.E.26.

The “Hyacinth” Stone

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In her interesting view of “China in the Ninth Century” Miss Edwardes mentions “the magnificent gem, called by the old Greek Cosmas a ‘hyacinth,’ and described as of a brilliant ruby colour.” She goes on to say that Marco Polo speaks of a ruby of great size and indescribable brilliancy, “which must have been identical with the ‘hyacinth,’ as there would hardly have been two stones of such abnormal quality.”

The argument is not convincing. I do not see why there should not have been two stones of exceptional size and brilliancy, and the “hyacinth” or “jacinth” has long been separated chemically from the ruby, a crystallized variety of corundum. This is the true Oriental ruby; other stones so called are made of alumina and magnesia.

Yours, etc.

W. H. J.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1931

Current Comments

THESE comments will have gone to press before Mr. Snowden's Budget speech. In the circumstances no useful comment on the political situation

The political situation at home, which must be largely governed by the budget proposals, can be made in this issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. The

Woolwich election shows that the defections among supporters of the present Government are continuing, but that the general dissatisfaction is expressing itself in wholesale abstentions from the polls and not in any marked enthusiasm for the Conservative policy. The reasons are deep-seated, but not incurable. Despite the lamentable dissensions in the Conservative ranks, their supporters in the country form incontestably the largest party. What is lacking is that enthusiasm which can be engendered only by a firm and altruistic belief in positive principles, but never by the mere defence of existing interests, however necessary such defence may be. The public mind has got to be educated to the knowledge that Conservatism is not a defensive policy, concerned only with exposing the fallacies of other people's programmes, but a constructive policy. Conservatism does not desire to set any limit to progress: rather it seeks to ensure progress by defending and strengthening those institutions, beliefs and loyalties on which man's triumph over the limitations of his nature wholly depends. Conservatism shows its faith in man by standing for the principle of individual and

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

national responsibility. It shows its consciousness of man's limitations by standing for the defence of those simple loyalties from which men have in the past derived their surest inspiration.

It is easy, no doubt, to talk in generalities; it is harder to define in relation to each problem of our times precisely how Conservative principles, if applied, provide an effective solution. That is the task, as we see it, of the publicist. A journal of opinion, such as this REVIEW, cannot pertinently discuss the details of legislation which will often have been debated and passed (or rejected) before any comments appear in print. What it can and should do is to show from the tenor of history, from the experience of other countries, from the facts of human nature, which principles have been effective in promoting and which in diminishing human happiness. It must challenge above all the popular philosophy of the day which teaches that man has an inherent tendency to progress, that he has unlimited potentialities, that the effects of change are necessarily beneficial, that man has no fixed nature, and that he is bestial in his origin, yet omnipotent as the architect of his own salvation. These doctrines have small hold on the finer minds of the day, but make strong appeal to the general. Many so-called Conservatives accept them as dogmas. Yet they are false and dangerous delusions, unsupported by evidence, contrary to experience and contrary to reason. They must be challenged and answered.

NEXT month THE ENGLISH REVIEW will appear in a new form, and will take as its aim to study and explain the application of Conservative principles over the whole field of national policy. This in the political sphere. It will be our purpose at the same time to develop the literary pages of the REVIEW, in the hope that it may become

CURRENT COMMENTS

representative of the best that is living in our literature. In art there are no frontiers. Doctrinaire art is bad art. Art which denies or shirks the facts of human nature is bad art. The arts are the abiding inspiration of those who are not afraid to see life steadily and see it whole, who have no use for catchwords, who are not deceived by the foolish hopes of emotionalists or the foolish ambitions of ideologues. If we say that the artist is the grand conservative, we say it in no narrow political sense, but as heirs to an honourable tradition of civilization which is to-day in danger and which must be preserved from the attacks of the weak-minded by the force of reason, and the wisdom which is enshrined in our traditional culture. It is because this is our firm belief that the literary pages of the new ENGLISH REVIEW will be "sworn to no doctor," and appropriated to no sect.

THE hostility of Spain towards her professional politicians and her discredited parliamentary system (which had brought the country to the verge of ruin a few years ago) has led to the retirement of King Alfonso. It is a paradoxical result which has been substantially misunderstood in this country. The idea that the verdict of the municipal elections was either a personal condemnation of King Alfonso or a vote in favour of parliamentary democracy is at best a half truth. What happened is simple. In the course of the transition from the dictatorship to more constitutional government, the King found it necessary to rely on a political group who should form a government and conduct the elections. Perhaps inevitably he was forced to call on the old political hands whose unpopularity had led to the dictatorship only seven years before. The country was faced in the circumstances with voting, if it voted monarchist, for the politicians whom it detested, or of voting republican if it was to express its determination not to submit once more to the rule of the professional parliamentarians. Despite this damaging alternative, the monarchists won

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

an apparent victory at the elections, carrying over 24,000 seats, as against the republicans' 5,000. The whole of the important towns, however, voted republican, and though the figures of votes polled are not yet known (and will not be reliable when, if ever, they are issued) it is improbable that the republicans were numerically in a great minority. As far as the King himself was concerned, all that is evident is that he was not sufficiently popular in the towns to carry on his shoulders so many unpopular discredited politicians.

ALIKE to institutionalists and to thoughtful democrats (if there are any left), the sinister feature of the revolution was the eclipse of the country by the towns.

The anti-democratic movement As the rule of force returns to Europe, the influence of large aggregations of people becomes supreme. To take our own case, as long as the ballot box rules, the industrial proletariat must bow to the will of the unorganized majority of their fellow-citizens. Should the inefficiency of Parliament provoke a revolt against the parliamentary system, it is certain that the towns would dictate to the country, and it is probable that the industrial towns would dictate to the residential districts. This is what has happened in Russia for fourteen years, and what has just happened in Spain. The immense majority of seats won by the monarchists weighed just nothing in the balance against the threat of revolutionary violence offered by the republican leaders in the big cities. What the revolutionary trade unionists and the parlour Bolsheviks attempted here in 1926 has been achieved in Spain. Our earnest young democrats who are celebrating with such complacency the repudiation of majority rule by a *coup de force* accompanied by cynical threats of personal violence would do well to remember that revolutions are never tolerant of democracy. The new movement in Spain rests on force and will in the long or the short run be maintained by force.

CURRENT COMMENTS

As we write, the attitude of the new government towards that large majority of municipal bodies with a monarchist majority is uncertain. Probably, for the

Republicans time, these bodies will be prepared to
and accept the *fait accompli*. The position will,
Monarchists however, undergo at the best a slow, and at the worst, a rapid change. The driving

force behind the republican movement comes from the left, from the revolutionary socialists, the intellectuals, and the anti-clericals. The movement will not be satisfied with a little milk and water Liberalism. At the moment butter will not melt in the mouth of President Zamora. His whole concern is for the rights of private property, the establishment and security of the Church, and the supremacy of the rule of law. But these are sorry watch-words for a revolutionary movement. It is not to defend the *status quo* that men shatter the continuity of history at the point of the revolver, break open the gaols and perjure their allegiance. English journalists who persist in pretending that Spain has merely repeated rather tardily what Mr. Gladstone said in '88 forget two things. They forget that the present is a minority movement, and that it is not led by parliamentarians, but by ideologues. In its composition, the present government of Spain conforms exactly to type. It is the typical government which appears in the first stage of all revolutions and which disappears for good in the second stage. Revolutions do not stand still. They move to the left, or break up under the pressure of the reorganized "right."

WHAT will be the future in Spain? No one knows. The only useful commentary at this stage is to consider

The future what it was that gave the revolutionary
of Spain leaders their opportunity. The first thing to remember is, as we have said, that the dictatorship, for good or ill, was at an end, and that it was the threat of a return to pre-dictatorship politics which rallied and united the so-called progressive forces. There were many personal reasons for fearing a return to the old system; there was a genuine and disinterested desire for administrative reform

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showed by many men of high character; there was also the suppressed egotism of ideologues still smarting under the tactless insults of the dead dictatorship; there was the doctrinaire radicalism of the universities and the students to whose adolescent minds, still drinking up the catchwords of 1848, the very word "republic" was pathetically symbolic of material and spiritual progress. Finally, there was the age-long separatist movement, centred in Barcelona, and ranged inevitably against the government of the day. All these different, and, indeed, mutually hostile factors and factions were aligned against the monarchist party at the last election.

DESPITE the genuine need for reforms, and the contempt in which the parliamentarians of the old school were held by almost everyone, there was still a monarchist majority in the country and in the towns of Andalusia. Elsewhere all classes seem to have united against the monarchists. This suggests that the real explanation of the collapse of the monarchy lies in the success of the republicans in uniting the revolutionary socialists, the intellectuals, and the man in the street; the first concerned to attack property, the second to make their influence felt in politics, and the third to secure administrative reform. This the republicans were able to do because they isolated the King from all save the oldest of the old-gang politicians. This in its turn suggests the real problem: to what extent was the refusal of the progressives to co-operate with the King due to a genuine distrust of his personality or intentions, and to what extent was it due to the deliberate intention to secure the support of the moderates for a movement really aimed at a social revolution? Time will show.

FOR the sake of the Spaniards we hope sincerely that they have not shaken off the rule of the professional politicians merely to fall under the more odious tyranny of words. The present situation in India is not the result of military oppression, minority rule, or revolutionary violence, but of the loose use of words which arouse

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passions that can be allayed only by more words—then by still more again. When every hope has been excited and every little seed of envy carefully watered and tended, the time of reckoning will come. At the moment, formula follows formula with bewildering rapidity. The policy laid down under the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms was jettisoned long ago in favour of "dominion status." The result, of course, was that "dominion status" ceased to be the objective of the congress parties, who at once stood firm for independence; "dominion status" is now abandoned in favour of "absolutely equal partnership"; the result, of course, is that congress now repudiates the equality, and claims explicitly the right to discriminate against British interests in India.

THE reference to "equal partnership" is presumably not intended to refer to anything but the position of the Government of India in relation to the

The Danger of Crown and to other sovereign States. But **Catch Words** the question at issue does not concern the

status of the Government of India, but its *constitution*. Why, then, is the phrase used on every occasion? It is, of course, true that Mr. MacDonald's policy is to work out (in co-operation with the Indians themselves) a constitution for India which will safeguard each of the different interests and provide at the same time for the efficient government of all. It is equally true that, having devised such a constitution, however the executive be constituted and controlled, the sovereignty will rest somewhere, and, wherever it rests, there will be the "Government of India," co-equal with those of the other Dominions. But is this what the Indians understand by the phrase? And, if not, why is the phrase used?

THE other catchword of the day is equally illusive.

"Progress towards the goal of responsible government"

The goal of responsible government means nothing, when one side to the dispute desire absolutely complete responsible government now and the other side are pledged not to concede it now. No one of any party desires to progress *away from*

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the goal of responsible government. The British Parliament has pledged its word to the opposite course, and we are not a people who go back on our word. The problem does not concern the goal, but the rate of progress and the machinery necessary. Technically, the problem consists in devising a federal executive which will be effectively responsible not to one numerically preponderating interest, but to all those interests, racial, territorial, religious, and economic, on the security of which the progress of the whole continent depends, and which at the same time will be capable of wise, just, and efficient government. No more difficult political problem has ever faced mankind. To imagine that it can be solved, as radical journalists suppose, by the parrot-like repetition of Victorian catchwords is foolish. The attempt to turn these catchwords into active principles has brought even our own people—of all peoples the most apt for self-government—to a grave economic crisis. Little as we like the modern habit of mind which imagines that human nature can be changed by the pious hopes of the writers of memoranda, it is at least a step on the road to sanity that Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends (from one side) and Mr. Maxton and his friends (from another) realize that Victorian Liberalism with all its philosophic and economic implications is as dead as a door-nail. The sooner this is realized by those engaged in making empty speeches about the Indian problem, the better for India.

THREE interesting "Notes" by Mr. J. M. Keynes in the *New Statesman* announce his conversion to Protection as a remedy for unemployment. Here

The flight from Mr. Keynes follows in the footsteps of another prominent rationalist radical, Mr. **Free Trade** G. D. H. Cole. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

It would be excellent if more orthodox protectionists could argue the case with equal skill. The most important of Mr. Keynes's "Notes" was his last, in which he challenged the classic doctrine that imports pay for exports. We have repeatedly challenged this dogma in these comments, and given our reasons for doing so. Mr. Keynes now comes to our support

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with the full weight of academic authority. The point is of importance because the truth or falsity of this doctrine is the key to the problem.

As Mr. Keynes points out, imports can be paid for (by the purchaser) in three ways—by goods, by cash (export of gold, or interest on foreign investments), or by borrowing abroad or selling investments abroad. We would add to this a fourth possibility, at which Mr. Keynes only hints, but which is of the first political importance. They may not be paid for at all. This may be true not only of any given year, but of a comparatively long succession of years. There is no distinction in this respect between the national profit and loss account and the profit and loss account of any private concern.

THE relevance of this to the tariff controversy is obvious. If our imports at their present figure were a necessary result of our present exports, it would be

The path to obvious that to curtail imports would be
bankruptcy to give the death-blow to our export trade.

No practical man has ever believed that, but until now theoretic economists ready to challenge the doctrine have been rare. Yet all the while the doctrine has been demonstrably false. Obviously the great creditor nations have built up their position by a favourable trade balance, and the debtor nations have maintained their equilibrium by borrowing. Equally obviously, there is nothing in the order of nature to prevent a creditor nation living beyond its income and gradually realizing its capital invested abroad until finally it has all gone and the creditor nation, forced in its turn to borrow, becomes a debtor nation.

THIS has not happened yet, but it is the whole case for Protection at this time that we are moving rapidly towards an adverse trade balance, and

A that without some national policy directed
diminishing to checking imports and stimulating the
inheritance consumption of British goods, an adverse trade balance is inevitable. We have

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already placed our population under a crushing burden of domestic liabilities—Sir Ernest Benn's calculation that every child born in England to-day is born £500 in debt has not been and cannot be challenged. If we continue our present fiscal policy, these same impoverished children will be born also without that annual revenue from their forefathers' savings invested abroad which we adults still enjoy.

LET it be said clearly that it is not Free Trade which has led us to this pass. It is the policy of restraint of trade pursued by every government in our own

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and other countries for many generations. Our own Governments are probably the most guilty, for by their social legislation they have protected labour so highly and elaborately as to place British goods beyond the possibility of competing successfully in the home market with foreign goods. No useful purpose, in our judgment, is served to-day by discussing the responsibility for this situation. Still less have we time or patience to argue with those who say that the correct course is to let labour find its market price. The economic man has a market price; the human being has a price which is determined by his character, his history, and his beliefs. To reduce money wages to the Continental level, *even if it involved no reduction in real wages*, is a political impossibility, and the dislocation of trade due to the immediate reduction in purchasing power operating on stocks manufactured at the higher level of wages' costs would involve us in disaster.

THE real difference of informed economic opinion lies between those who imagine that, by means of tariff,

**The real
economic
argument**

it is possible permanently to maintain a standard of production costs higher than that of those from whom we have to buy our food supplies, and those who realize that the chief purpose of a tariff is to

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enable us to reduce our expenditure and to overhaul our industries, and to restore individual responsibility. It is character, not wealth, which is destiny. In our present state we are ceasing to breed men. Our first task is to re-create the conditions in which men can learn to live as men and bear the responsibilities of men. Given this, history does not for a moment give cause for pessimism. It is no more true that one nation is as good as another than that one man is as good as another. Specific economic advantages may attach now to one group of men, now to another, but always the advantage derived from them depends on a country's institutions, which form its character. The stronger a nation's character, the greater its energy. The more thrifty its government, the higher is the standard of living which can be maintained without raising production costs unduly. To strengthen character, to encourage thrift, to put a premium on individual energy is the essential task of government to-day.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

A New President at the Elysée.—Within a fortnight or so there should be a new President of the French Republic in succession to M. Gaston Doumergue, who is completing his seven-years term with the dignified purpose he has displayed throughout. Yet there is still much uncertainty surrounding the election in the Palace of Versailles and, for once, there is an entire absence of "pushful" candidates. Apparently, all those who are "possibles" are remaining unusually far in the background, waiting for their supporters to thrust their names forward at the propitious moment, despite the fact that even such a dominating figure of the moment as Clemenceau failed to secure the prize when he adopted similar "negative" tactics.

M. Briand not a Candidate.—Apart from M. Doumergue himself, who would be a favourite if he desired re-election, the most intriguing figure among the possibilities is M. Aristide Briand, who has now established almost a freehold at the Quai d'Orsay. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, on this occasion, has been unlucky. From his point of view—should he wish to terminate his career as President—it would have been better had the election fallen next year instead of this. One thing he wishes to do is to achieve something really positive at the Disarmament Conference next year, something that would definitely crown the peacemaking accords he has laboriously evolved in the past few years. That attained, he might find an appeal in the rôle of President, removed from the atmosphere of battle in which he has so far had to struggle.

Likely Choices.—So, unless there is a last-minute change in his intentions, I think we can remove M. Briand from the list of serious candidates. That gives all the others about even chances, for none among them can be said to have distinguished himself more than the rest. If seniority or length of service counted, I suppose that

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"fine young man of seventy-two," M. Paul Doumer, President of the Senate, would automatically receive a majority of votes. M. Doumer would make a distinguished and efficient President, but sound qualities are apt to be obscured in a contest with aggressive canvassing. The President of the Chamber of Deputies also, M. Fernand Bouisson, is favourably placed but he does not appear to have shown any eagerness for the somewhat cloistral regions of the Elysée.

Outsiders have chances.—Prospects therefore favour outsiders like Senators Albert Lebrun and Léon Berard and the ubiquitous M. Painlevé. Mere counting of heads in Congress—which is the Senate and Chamber sitting together—would offer a bright outlook for M. Painlevé, as there is a Left majority in the Senate, while the Left is in only a bare minority in the Chamber. Yet one should not overlook the fact that there was a far more substantial Left majority in both Houses seven years ago when M. Painlevé was regarded as a "certainty" yet was comfortably defeated by M. Doumergue, who, though nominally a Radical, was the choice of the Right wing. The contest is very open and many people would be pleased if M. Doumergue would accept re-election, then retire after about eighteen months, leaving the way open to M. Briand.

M. Doumergue's Militant Speech.—It is strange that so many folk should have been surprised by President Doumergue's speech at Nice in which he commented with pointed vigour on the Austro-German Customs Union project and the Italian attitude towards a naval understanding. Because he has been labelled Radical for so long, some people seem to imagine that he should talk like a pacifist. They always overlook the fact that he passed his early days in the Colonies, where they do not breed people who are ready to turn the other cheek after receiving a gratuitous slap. M. Doumergue is of the type which would be described in England as Liberal Imperialist; so there is nothing at all abnormal in his readiness to answer back pointedly across the frontiers.

False Conclusions.—And it is almost culpable misrepresentation to tell a section of the British public—as

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some Radical Correspondents have sought to do—that there was serious disagreement over the declaration of M. Doumergue between the President and M. Briand, which, it was alleged, placed M. Briand's position in the Cabinet in jeopardy. He was, it was said, opposed by the formidable combination of President Doumergue, M. Pierre Laval, the Premier, and M. Tardieu. People who throw about serious charges of this character are not entitled to have blanks in place of memories, and but a short memory was necessary to recall that M. Briand himself addressed Germany far more vigorously than M. Doumergue did when in the Senate he reminded her that he had already told the German Chancellor that *Anschluss* would mean war. That reminder was meant to be very forcible.

The Foreign Minister's position.—M. Briand may be exceptionally fond of accords and arrangements, but I have never known him swallow tamely any that did not conform with French policy as he saw it. As a fact, he is rather a close bargainer, as many British negotiators have appreciated when they have taken a second and more careful look at a draft which they had at first imagined to be vastly in their favour. And if M. Briand did not accompany M. Doumergue to Tunisia as originally intended, this cannot be read as any sign of a rift. The Austro-German scheme obviously created much extra work for the Foreign Minister in planning adequate counter-moves.

Austria draws back.—The result of his concentration on the work that needed to be done in Paris and the efficiency of his methods is shown in the announcement from Vienna that Austria will take no further step in the development of the Customs Union proposal until the question has been examined by the Council of the League of Nations. Also in the further announcement from the Quai d'Orsay that, when the scheme does come up for examination, France will introduce a rival and much broader plan designed to make limited regional agreements unnecessary. This alternative may not meet with approval, but its mere existence emphasizes that France shows activity in her foreign policy, while the

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announcement from Vienna is almost fatal to the German move for union.

The Challenge to a European Federation.—M. Briand's enemies were very swift in declaring that the revelation of the German move towards the *Anschluss* was the death-blow to M. Briand's somewhat nebulous earlier project for a European Federation. And to everybody but M. Briand himself it did appear to be a very serious challenge. But the one thing that everybody is bound to admire in the French Foreign Minister is his capacity for boldly grasping at an obstacle that has been thrown in his path and using it as material to build another story on his own construction. The result of his recent efforts is that many more countries on the other side of Germany look upon his European Federation project with favour than there were when he originally introduced it. He has led them to see that it may have at least the advantage of preventing something which would be definitely harmful to their interests.

The Indian Crisis

By Sir Mark Hunter

EVER since Mr. Montagu resolved to disturb the pathetic contentment of two hundred and fifty millions of His Majesty's Indian subjects under a system of government which had for a century and a half given them peace and security in their lawful avocations, and was in full accord with Oriental traditions, the foundations of British authority have been steadily undermined and weakened. The Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, with responsible government (under conditions) as an objective, removed the "transferred subjects" (local self-government, public works, forests, medicine, public health and education) from British control, the result being in some Provinces, probably in all, a marked deterioration in purity and efficiency. Afterwards the Lee Commission, some of the members reluctantly consenting to the logically inevitable, signed the death-warrant of those British agencies which still strove, under new masters, to administer the transferred departments in the traditional spirit of the displaced regime.

Then came the Simon Commission, who produced in the first volume of their report a masterly survey of the political situation in India. They found that Diarchy, the separation between reserved and transferred departments of government, had failed. Accordingly, on the apparent assumption that the failure was due to reservation, the Commission recommended that the reserved departments also, and with them the services which had been their agents, should henceforward be placed under the control of ministers responsible to elective councils. In that sense there would be complete autonomy in the provinces; self-government, not, however, government by the people—democracy in India is an impossible dream—but the substitution of a close, inefficient and corrupt oligarchy for a rule wholly beneficent in intention and fulfilment. Of this, to one who knows how to read between the lines, the supplementary volumes to the Report afford abundant evidence.

But before the Report of the Statutory Commission

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saw the light, the Viceroy, without waiting for the findings of that body on the manner in which the Reforms had worked, and whether there had been manifested that "sense of responsibility" on the existence of which the grant of a greater degree of responsible government was declared to depend, issued his announcement of an "ultimate goal"—an identity of political status between India and the self-governing dominions. What, it may be asked, has true statesmanship to do with ultimate goals, to be reached at some far-off date under conditions the nature of which no man can prophesy? An ultimate goal has no attraction for the political leaders the announcement was intended to placate; it is not worth their ambition; and the hint of it can only incite them to demand the immediate concession of what is promised for some time in the dim future. And this precisely is what has happened.

The Round Table Conference, boycotted by the Congress party in India, and composed, so far as British India is concerned, of persons selected by the Viceroy, proceeded to draft, with frequent appeals to the "principles of Democracy," a federal constitution for India. This, even had the homogeneous States to be federated actually existed, was a task of enormous difficulty, and one which the Simon Commission and the Government of India's subsequent dispatch had relegated to the distant future. In this Federation there was to be "responsibility at the centre" under safeguards, the nature and *modus operandi* of which were left undetermined, together with the settlement of communal divisions, the protection of minorities, and nearly every obstacle with which the Conference was confronted. The final result was that, with the exception of defence—a sufficiently important exception—the control of India was to be transferred from British to Indian hands. The Princes were to retain the rights hitherto enjoyed by them, with some additions, so far as these had not been surrendered to the federal body; the Provinces, with two or three to be newly created, were to be self-governing, that is to say, they were to be governed by the politically minded intelligentsia, with a franchise comprehending not less than 10 per cent.

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of the total population (about 7 per cent. of them literate), and not exceeding 25 per cent., should so great an extension be found practicable and desirable. Once more, oligarchy open and confessed! The services were to be further provincialized; in effect, to be Indianized (some of the constitution-makers favoured complete provincialization); and with Indians declared competent to fill, and alone eligible for, the highest offices of State, with British officials excluded from the legislative councils, the retention of Europeans in subordinate positions cannot logically be declared imperative, and must be surrendered so soon as the cry, certain to be heard soon, is raised for their disappearance. So nothing is left of British rule but the British army, and, out of consideration for Indian political thought, the number of British troops is to be reduced to the lowest possible figure. As for the Indian army, an Indian Sandhurst is to be at once established and the officers of the army Indianized with all convenient, or inconvenient, speed. The Viceroy and the Provincial Governors may be British, but there is no guarantee, and the Conference recommends that the custom by which governorships other than in the Presidencies should be reserved for members of the Indian Civil Service should be relaxed; some members would have it discontinued.

Meantime, while the Conference was arranging for the transfer of authority from tried to untried hands, and with a sublime indifference to consequence, throwing away the work of 150 years—a process which we now know had been decreed beforehand by the Prime Minister—how was India reacting to these proceedings? In some favoured parts of the sub-Continent, as one learns from private sources, perhaps in many, His Majesty's Indian subjects, far from the madding crowds demonstrating in the urban centres, and unaware of Sir George Schuster's announcement in the Legislative Assembly that the British Raj was preparing to abdicate, pursued the noiseless tenor of their way, and all things seemed as before. Elsewhere the spirit of "Nationalism," or rather of rebellious defiance of authority, since no self-conscious nation exists, manifested itself as usual. At Lahore and at many other places the British flag

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was torn down, without Government evincing any token of displeasure. Loyal officials, British and Indian, have been brutally murdered. Gandhi started on his salt-making pilgrimage, an open challenge to authority, for the salt-tax grievance is purely artificial, and save that the tax has been regularized and rendered equitable, it was not a British imposition and inflicted hardship on no one, certainly not on the poorer classes. Gandhi's performance was interpreted as a sign that British authority had ceased to function, since he was left unmolested, and that anyone might defy Government with impunity. The picketing of liquor-shops, a tyrannical interference with the right of the subject to do what Government declared lawful, became a favourite activity of Congress volunteers. The boycott of British goods, with disastrous results to British trade, and not by any means in the interest of the Indian consumer, though to the advantage of the Indian capitalist millowner, with whom the Congress had concluded an unholy alliance, was extensively carried out. At last Government had to take notice, and thousands of Congress volunteers, under orders to promote these and other forms of lawlessness, were committed to prison. Finally the arch-offender and his lieutenants were placed for a while under restraint. Soon after, "Moderate" leaders were permitted to confer with Gandhi in confinement in order to attempt to induce him to attend the Round Table Conference, and after the Conference Gandhi and his colleagues were unconditionally released. Then followed, to the grievous loss of British prestige, the long series of negotiations, personally conducted, between the representative of the King-Emperor and the rebel leader, under conditions which ought to have been peculiarly humiliating to the former, resulting in a pact between the Indian Empire and those who were frankly engaged in an attempt to subvert it. The agreement reached has been in some quarters rashly hailed—very rashly, as subsequent results have proved—as a "miracle" and a "triumph of common sense." A German illustrated magazine* which published a portrait of Gandhi

* *Kölnische Illustrierte Zeitung*, March 21.

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entitled *Der Sieger von Neu-Delhi*, the Victor of New Delhi, more accurately described it. Gandhi got everything he could reasonably hope for, and very much more; the Viceroy did not succeed even in saving the face of law and order. Private salt-making on the coast was allowed to be lawful, salt there being a "gift of Nature"—a highly useful formula to law-breakers in other localities. "Political" boycott of foreign goods was, it is true, prohibited, but "economic" boycott, on the other hand, was legalized—Lancashire no doubt joyfully appreciates the distinction. Gandhi, indeed, dropped his demand for an inquiry into the conduct of the police in dealing with crime, not on the honourable ground that the police had been heroically discharging a distasteful public duty and were entitled to the loyal support of the Government, but in order to avoid unprofitable recriminations. Thousands of volunteers who had been incarcerated for civil disobedience were unconditionally set free, unless they had been convicted of violent crime—deliberate provoking of breaches of the peace apparently not being regarded as an offence.

So righteousness and peace kissed each other, and the high contracting parties separated with expressions of mutual goodwill. Gandhi immediately resumed his former activities, to receive, in spite of some hostile demonstrations from the most extreme of his erstwhile disciples, an enthusiastic welcome from the Karachi Congress, whence issued a series of highly revolutionary demands. The pact, intimated Gandhi, was no more than a truce, to be broken at pleasure. The President of the Congress, Mr. Vallabhai Patel, proceeded to attack the methods of the Government during the foregoing twelve months as a "brutal and inhuman system"—that was all Lord Irwin got for his forbearance. Congress would accept nothing less than full dominion status, on precisely the same lines as those of Canada, with full and independent control of *finance, foreign affairs, and defence*.

An opportunity presented itself for a singular display of uncompromising hostility to established authority and sympathy with anarchist crime. A protest was

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entered against the execution at Lahore of the murderers of the English police officer, Mr. Saunders, and the faithful Indian head-constable, Chanan Singh. Gandhi, while warning his hearers that such deeds are not to be imitated, extolled the self-sacrifice and courage of the assassins and belauded the devotion of the "young martyrs." In Delhi itself the Nationalist (Hindu) members of the Legislative Assembly marched out of the council chamber in token of their disapproval of a measure of justice, in full accordance moreover with the precious pact.

Now it must not be forgotten that one party to this pact is composed of persons who have no right to be treated as representatives of the vast populations of India, though they have successfully induced many politicians in this country to regard them in that light. They represent no more than a Brahmin-Bania (priestly and money-lending) conspiracy, bent upon dominating the whole heterogeneous mass. "Moderates" and Congress men alike belong to this fraternity, together with a few stray unrepresentative Mahommedans and others who have been induced to join their camp. It is these people and these alone that the Government of India and the Socialist Government here have sought to conciliate, by part surrender of British rights and responsibilities immediately, and complete surrender promised for the future. There has been from the beginning to the end of Lord Irwin's Viceroyalty no serious effort to enlist on the side of Government the people, though they comprise the overwhelming majority, who have an interest in the maintenance of authority, and who are only waiting for a lead. Rather what has been done, and left undone, has tended to drive the loyal into the arms of those in revolt, since it is to its open enemies that Government favour is freely extended, whilst loyalty goes without reward and without recognition. In the East no one willingly supports a government that is not ready to support itself. Everywhere men of goodwill are dismayed. The All-India Moslem Conference at Delhi has warned "the governments of India and England that spineless handling of the situation by continued pandering to

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the Congress will create a condition of things in India which will spell complete ruin for this unfortunate country." They point to recent events at Cawnpore, Benares, Agra, and other places. The case of Cawnpore is especially eloquent. Here Moslem traders, with all right and reason on their side, declined to take part in a Hartal, an act of public mourning, decreed by Hindus in reverence for the Lahore murderers. The result was a hideous massacre, deliberately planned, if it be true, as we learn, that for weeks before the disturbance there had been drifting into Cawnpore bodies of men armed with sticks and knives attached to sticks. In the riots that ensued it is reported that 1,000 persons, mainly Moslems, were killed, while the number of those injured cannot be estimated. What would have been the extent of the calamity had there been no police that could be trusted to put an end to an orgy of looting, ravishing and killing, and no British troops to support them, can only be imagined. But that is what is to be looked for if the present policy is continued and the British services, civil and military, are weakened and eventually extinguished.

Meanwhile Soviet Russia is watching with eagerness the threatened disintegration of our Indian Empire. She has many agents among fanatical youths inspired by the bitterest hatred for British rule, and working more or less secretly to undermine and destroy its stability. If we give the Soviet the opportunity—and we are deliberately preparing it—nothing can save what was once British India, as well as the protected territories, from an appalling fate.

We hear on many sides that the pledge to grant in due course full responsible government to India must be honoured; that there can be no going back on the path marked out in the Declaration of 1917. Yet if it were true that we are committed unconditionally to the grant of responsible government, would it really follow that the pledge must be literally observed after it has been plainly shown that its fulfilment would produce measureless calamity to those whom it was designed to benefit? If that were done, we should have kept a promise most rashly made, and

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so far our conscience would be clear; but how, as Lord Morley long ago asked, "should we look in the face of the civilized world, if we had turned our backs upon our duty and sovereign task? How should we bear the smarting sting of our own consciences when, as assuredly we should, we heard through the dark distance the roar and scream of confusion and chaos in India?"

But we are not presented with any such dilemma; we are not faced by a divided duty. The pledge was from the first strictly conditional, and those who would grant no more concessions to the Indian politicians, or would even withdraw something of what has already been conceded, would be justified by the plain language and sense of the Act of 1919. They might urge the withdrawal of concessions on the ground that there has not been shown that sense of responsibility upon which the grant of concessions was declared to depend. They might claim, basing the claim on the letter and spirit of the Act, that Parliament, as it may extend, may also modify and restrict the measure of responsible government already granted; nay, may decide that the principle of responsible government shall not be established in India at all. Those who insist on the pledge while denying the conditions which are part of the pledge, in accordance with the maxim dear to Mr. Montagu that "you can't take butter out of a dog's mouth," would be well advised if they left honour entirely out of the question, since acceptance, as they conceive it, was won for the pledge by a cynical mental reservation.

Those, however, who accept the pledge *with the conditions* will argue that, when it can be reported, as it is of certain self-governing boards in India, that the "misappropriation of public funds has been regarded more as a subject for mirth or envy than of reprobation," a proper sense of responsibility has not yet been developed, and that the setting up of parliamentary institutions is at least premature. They will hesitate before they repudiate the solemn obligations undertaken for the good government of 250 millions of people out of reverence for an outworn formula.

Prohibition and Democracy

A Plea for Limiting the Franchise

By Herbert Agar

THE failure of modern democracy can be summarized in the statement that as soon as participation in responsible government was offered to all adults, government became completely irresponsible. In fact, it had already become irresponsible before the vote was given to women. As soon as the electorate became enormous, and therefore mostly uninterested and uneducated, election campaigns became less and less a discussion of serious issues, and more and more a contest of tricks and appeals to hysteria. This happened long ago in the United States, for the United States has endured adult manhood suffrage for two generations longer than England. But the absurdities and the cynicisms of American politics are now establishing themselves in England also, as is shown in recent by-elections, such as the farce at South Paddington. Admiral Taylor was elected by a newspaper ballyhoo, and in spite of the fact that his programme was shown to mean exactly nothing. To be sure, English politics are not usually so ludicrous as this. But the South Paddington election is a portent for the future; and anyone who is morbid enough to wonder what the personnel of Parliament may be like in another generation has only to study the American House of Representatives.

Naturally, a party that has come into power after a modern circus-election knows that it is not being watched by an electorate that can hold it to account. It knows that the handful of informed critics can be overwhelmed at the next election by a deluded horde, some of whom have been bribed with impossible promises, while others have been excited with appeals to prejudice remote from any present issue, and many are merely interested to see that their team shall win, politics for them being a national sport. Who could be more irresponsible, so

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far as their relation to the public is concerned, than a group of men elected in such a fashion? Unhappily, this same group will feel an alarmed sense of duty toward any well-organized minority that might constitute a balance of power. In the United States, it is just such nameless unofficial minorities that pass or prevent legislation. The public is beguiled with meaningless campaigns, complete with music and righteous indignation, while silently behind the scenes the special interests make their special agreements with the candidates or the parties. The public is usually astonished at the results, and rarely pleased.*

The details vary from country to country; but wherever an overwhelming majority of the electorate consists of people who are politically uninterested and uninformed, the way is left clear for the manipulation of politics by those who are sufficiently unscrupulous and undignified to do that sort of work. And a world in which a lack of scruple and dignity is a qualification for membership in the ruling class is an unhealthy world. From this, our present predicament, there is only one way out, unless we wish to dispense with representative government. But before discussing the way out, I shall illustrate the generalizations that I have been making by a survey of Prohibition law-making in the United States. The moral, it seems to me, is unescapable.

If any acts of government can represent the will of a people, it would seem that an amendment to the Constitution of the United States should come into that category. For to carry it through, it is necessary to have a two-thirds majority in both Houses of Congress, and the amendment so passed must then be ratified by two-thirds of the State legislatures.† It would seem that a change, accomplished in the face of such legal difficulties, must be sponsored by a great majority of the nation. Actually, because of the irresponsibility of a modern democracy, no such majority is necessary. The history

* Cp. André Siegfried, "America Comes of Age"; N.Y., 1927; chapter xviii, for a description of the machinery by which unofficial minorities control American politics.

† There is another possible method of amending the Constitution, but the above is the method that has always been chosen.

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of the last ten years has at least proved that the ideal of total abstinence is not accepted by two-thirds of the American people. And an examination of the whole history of Prohibition legislation in the United States shows that the Eighteenth Amendment was created by the enthusiasm and political recklessness common to moral reformers and made possible by the indifference and political ineptitude common to unwieldy electorates.

Prohibition became a serious issue in the United States as far back as the forties. By 1855, thirteen States had passed Prohibition laws; but by 1880 all but one of these States had abandoned Prohibition.*

During the eighties and the nineties there was vigorous agitation; but by 1900 only three States had Prohibition laws. Then there began a steady increase in the number of Prohibition States, and by 1916, on the eve of the successful drive for national Prohibition, thirteen States were again legally dry. Ten other States had so-called Prohibition laws; but in these latter the importation of liquor for private use, and in reasonable quantities, was permitted. In 1917, therefore, the people who decided that the United States was ready for total Prohibition had the following interesting facts before them: (1) the result of seventy years of agitation and experiment had been that thirteen out of forty-eight States, containing only 14.2 per cent. of the population, had adopted total Prohibition; (2) its enforcement in many of these thirteen States was a scandal to the rest of the country, although it was arguable that this was because of the ease of rum-running across the State borders; (3) during the same period of Prohibition agitation, the *per capita* consumption of intoxicating liquors in the United States had risen from 4.08 gallons a year in 1850 to 22.80 gallons a year in 1913!† It would seem, therefore, that when the enthusiastic moralists decided that the United States was "ready"

* The history of Prohibition in the U.S. has been faithfully recorded by Mr. Charles Merz in "The Dry Decade," New York, 1931. The figures that I quote are taken from Mr. Merz, where the references for each fact can be found.

† The *per capita* consumption of distilled liquor had decreased during this period, but the *per capita* consumption of beer had increased by more than a thousand per cent.

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for Prohibition, they used the word in the sense that a farmer does when he says that a chicken is "ready" for the axe—no moral co-operation on the chicken's part is implied.

In spite of the fact that the public was drinking more and more, and that only a few State governments, representing 14 per cent. of the population, had been willing to adopt real Prohibition, the reformers were eager to push through the Eighteenth Amendment. When the United States entered the war, the reformers had their opportunity. And in the face of facts that would have stopped the hand of a statesman, and given pause even to a hack politician, these moral zealots pushed cynically ahead, too hasty to persuade the people, too ignorant to foresee the dangers of tricking them. . . . By using the threat of their compact balance-of-power minorities the Prohibitionists had already put into the House of Representatives a majority which was pledged to vote for their cause. It made no difference whether these people believed in Prohibition, or practised it; it made no difference whether the voters who elected them (usually on very different issues) believed in Prohibition or practised it. In the "wet" sections of the country, Prohibition was never an issue, was scarcely ever mentioned in politics. But even in the wettest sections the voters of the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union might hold the balance of power between the Democratic and Republican candidates. So, behind the farce of the ordinary party battles, the unostentatious bargaining continued, and one by one the wet constituencies had sent members to Congress, few of whom had ever mentioned Prohibition during their campaigns, though most of them were quietly pledged to support it, or at any rate to refrain from opposing it.

At the end of 1914, a majority of the House of Representatives voted in favour of Prohibition. And still the wets throughout the country were not stirred to organize. The liquor interests were organized, but not the disinterested wets. They felt (and events have proved they felt correctly) that total Prohibition was not a serious issue so far as the feelings or intentions of the

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country were concerned. They had not learned that the feelings and intentions of the country are a matter of indifference to the manipulators of a modern democracy. However, the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment would have been postponed, and perhaps defeated, if it had not been for the war. To quote Mr. Merz: "The war did three things for Prohibition. It centralized authority in Washington; it stressed the importance of saving food; and it outlawed all things German." (The brewers' industry in the United States was almost entirely in the hands of German-Americans.) In the summer and winter of 1917, the drys realized their advantage. In the light of subsequent events, it is startling to notice that the Senate adopted this revolutionary amendment after discussing it for a few hours on each of three successive days, and that the House of Representatives adopted it after discussing it for only one day. Between January 1918 and January 1919, three-quarters of the States ratified the amendment.

Neither of the two chief parties had ever espoused Prohibition; no President was ever elected on that issue; only one State submitted the question of ratification to a popular vote. Yet the amendment was passed by Congress almost without dispute, and was finally ratified by forty-six of the forty-eight States, including the four wettest States in the union, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, and Wisconsin. In view of the fact that Prohibition has never been enforced, and that in the wet States enforcement has never even been seriously attempted, this overwhelming success of the drys in the legislatures cannot be a sign of the popular strength of their cause. If the legislatures had been in any way responsible to public opinion, if the enormous majorities with which Prohibition was accepted in the legislatures represented public opinion, it is unthinkable that the American people, from the very first year of the experiment, should have resisted Prohibition so contumaciously and so successfully that to-day the government of the country suffers under an almost fatal disrespect.

Strangely enough, it is arguable that the American people might, in a national referendum in 1918, have voted for Prohibition. But it is not arguable that the

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American people had ever the slightest intention of giving up their drink. I do not need to prove this statement by giving anecdotes of Prohibition enforcement. The facts are a world scandal to-day, and they need no substantiation. If it be true, as the drys claim, that a majority would have voted for Prohibition in 1918, this is for two reasons, neither of which has anything to do with personal intentions to abstain. In the first place, the white people in the south have always felt that it would be pleasant if the negroes did not drink. And they believed that national Prohibition would be effective among the negroes—a quaint superstition, the ironical result of which is that southern whites (at least among my acquaintances) now buy their liquor from negro bootleggers. In the second place, the saloon (the public-house of America) had an evil reputation. It was disgust with the saloon that accounted for the various experiments in State Prohibition between 1840 and 1916—many of which, as I have said, made no attempt to prevent people from drinking in private houses. Part of the saloon's disrepute was certainly deserved; but part of it came from the fact that the saloon was a man's world, from which women were excluded, and which they therefore distrusted. In the speak-easy women are admitted on an equality with men.

It makes no difference to my argument whether the people of the United States would have voted for Prohibition or whether they would not. The important fact—proved by ten years of history—is that they would not abstain from drinking. Therefore, whether the Eighteenth Amendment was accomplished by a skilful use of organized minorities and an exploitation of war hysteria, or by persuading a majority of southerners that Prohibition would keep the negro from drinking, or by confusing the issue between the abolition of the saloon and the abolition of alcoholic drink, in any case the story of Prohibition is a story of irresponsible legislation. It is an illustration of how, in a democracy with an unwieldy and uninformed electorate, a zealous, cynical, or careless minority can put through legislation that has no effective public support—can put it through even in the face of a requirement for a two-thirds majority. The story of the

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Eighteenth Amendment is, with variations of detail, that of much important legislation in the United States to-day. The recent Tariff Act, passed in the face of the widespread hostility of economists, historians, international bankers and the Press, is a case in point. In a modern democracy irresponsibility is almost complete.

In view of present conditions in the United States, it is worth while to point out (as a warning to other democracies) the close connection between legislative irresponsibility and public lawlessness. Prohibition, of course, is an exaggerated example of this connection, because, in addition to creating the disrespect for law that any ill-considered legislation must create, it also provides the criminal classes with wealth beyond any precedent in history. Mr. Al Capone's total annual income is estimated by his biographer, Mr. F. D. Pasley, as £21,000,000, and his net annual profit as £6,000,000. And most of this is derived from the liquor business. When criminals have the incomes of billionaires, they can afford to buy the police and the lower courts and to wage private wars upon one another. All this is the direct result of Prohibition. As is well known, alcoholic drink is one of the cheapest of products. Its high price in the modern world is the result of very high taxation. But Prohibition removed this taxation; so the vast difference between the cost of producing liquor and the price at which it is sold is now clear profit to the bootlegger, subject only to a deduction for bribing public officials. And strangely enough, the public officials and the bootleggers between them are more reasonable than the tax-gatherer—at least in regard to distilled liquor. During the eight years in which I lived under National Prohibition, I never paid as much for gin as I pay in London, and seldom as much for whisky.

This simple problem in arithmetic, which explains the wealth and hence the danger of the modern American gangster, was just as simple in 1917 as in 1930. But the dry enthusiasts did not care to perform it. It might be said in their defence that they really believed the Prohibition laws would be observed. But in view of the facts, they had no right to believe it. Even a politician should lift his beliefs above the level of mere wish-fulfilment

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fantasies. But these reformers did not trouble to do so. Ignorant of history, inexperienced in thought, they were the type of person that governs our modern democracies. So they passed their law, and very nearly destroyed their country in the process.

For ten years the citizens of the United States have watched the farce of "law-enforcement." They have known that many of the Congressmen who passed and supported the dry laws are habitual drinkers. They have known that the President who was elected in the same year that National Prohibition went into force was a habitual drinker. They have known that the delegates to the National Conventions of the two great parties, meeting every four years to nominate their candidates for President and to declare their principles, drank heavily and in many cases disreputably throughout the days when they were endorsing Prohibition as noble and necessary. And they have gradually realized that the explanation for all this indecency is that the two parties are fairly evenly balanced and that there are enough organized dries to terrorize candidates into promising to leave this issue alone. Again, no such degradation of democracy would be possible except with an electorate that prefers being amused to being informed. Of course, if the drink of the people had been seriously interfered with, Prohibition would have been repealed long ago. But it is not drink that has been interfered with, it is only respect for government. It is not sobriety that has been forced upon the people; it is only cynicism.

The relation between this cynicism, this just and inevitable disrespect for such authority, and the present reign of lawlessness throughout the United States, must be obvious. There is no other piece of foolish legislation that could have had so dissolving an effect as the Eighteenth Amendment and its supporting laws. The illustration I have chosen is admittedly an exaggerated one. But the facts of a situation are not falsified by being magnified. The same irresponsibility, the same substitution of back-stairs agreement for public discussion while the open political campaign concerns itself with irrelevancies and childishness, is found throughout American public life. It has begun to establish itself in English

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public life, and, wherever it establishes itself, it will destroy democracy. The justification for democracy, with all its delays and inefficiencies, is that it will at least be subject to public comprehension and public control, that it will not serve secret and hence irresponsible interests, that it will be forced to give reasons for what it does and to convince a representative section of the public before it does anything. But when all this ceases to be true, when democracy is not only slow but tyrannical, not only inefficient but secret and inscrutable, there is no reason for preferring it to a more open form of dictatorship. If we are to save it, we must give up the pretence that everybody, in the world that now exists, is capable of participating in government. In spite of the practical difficulties, we must establish a qualification for the privilege of voting.

One reason that every campaign to extend the franchise has been successful is that in each case the people who already had the vote had so little claim to it, as a class, that no good reason could be found for leaving it to them while denying it to the next class. The landowners could make no persuasive case for themselves as against the middle class, the middle class as against the poor, the men as against the women. Perhaps it was necessary for everybody to get the vote before we could begin to restrict it intelligently. But now everyone has the vote, and we have learned that the result (in the present state of public education) is to put political power in the hands of secret and unscrupulous minorities and political office in the hands of circus campaigners. Therefore the vote must be restricted to people who might understand political realities, who might not be readily beguiled by newspaper side-shows, or by defunct or non-existent issues, who might demand public discussion and enforce public control.

A mere statement of these requirements suggests two ways in which the franchise might be limited. If the minimum age for voters were raised to thirty, citizens would at least have some experience with life before they were asked to help in determining its conditions. And if applicants for the privilege of voting were required to show some knowledge of contemporary political issues

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and the governmental machinery of their country, a surprising reduction in the size of the electorate would result. Such a reduction would be valuable in itself; for other things being equal, the smaller the electorate, the easier it is to have an intelligent discussion of issues. Both these forms of limitation, age and knowledge, should be politically practical. The large majority of voters are over thirty, and it will not seem to them revolutionary or absurd that the present age-limit should be raised. And since a superstitious respect for information is widespread to-day, many of the people who will be horrified at the idea of restricting the franchise will be soothed at hearing that it is being done in the name of education. Actually, of course, the purpose of such a restriction is not to hand government over to the deplorable tribe of examination-passers, but merely to eliminate as many as possible of the voters who are quite without interest in public affairs. If there be any health or value in modern democracy, it should have a chance to prove itself, once the electorate has been reduced to those who are relatively mature and, at least, slightly informed. It is, of course, a question whether democracy is suitable to a world such as ours in which there is no majority agreement on fundamental religious and political beliefs. It is possible that such a world must be managed by a courageous minority. But this larger question is outside the scope of my article, which is merely an attempt to point out that, if democracy is to continue at all, it must free itself from the burden of unrestricted suffrage.

An important and popular objection to limiting the franchise is that the only way to make people responsible is to give them responsibilities, and that instead of despairing over the present state of politics we should trust that by the time people have had the vote long enough they will have grown worthy of it. This was a defensible position before universal suffrage had been tried. Nowadays, it suggests invincible ignorance. For instead of breeding responsibility among the people, universal suffrage is breeding irresponsibility among the politicians. Instead of adding to the dignity of the common man, it is destroying the dignity of government. This is not surprising; for you cannot give people a

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sense of responsibility by permitting them to do something for which they are unfitted. However, if the vote be made a privilege instead of a so-called right, if it be made a sign that the voter has some merit and not merely that he has survived the diseases of infancy, then there may reappear that respect for representative government which has almost vanished to-day.

Unless representative government rehabilitates itself within the next few years, it will be discarded. We cannot meander for long in our present slough of cynicism. If we could, we should probably do so; but, fortunately, life does not offer us this easy and enervating choice. What it *does* offer is the simple alternative: on the one hand, the reform of our present institutions so as to make government responsible to the people who are willing and competent to concern themselves with public affairs, or on the other, the destruction of our present institutions and the experiment with dictatorship.

The Future of the British Empire

By P. B. Wallace

DEFINITIONS are dull things, and often worse than dull, since they tend to set forth prosaic facts which are deadly to any amount of nice, comfortable theory. Thus, there are probably several million inhabitants of these islands who can still derive a secret satisfaction from a study of a map of the world, with its large and widely-scattered patches of red colouring; the words "An empire on which the sun never sets" come to their minds, and they close the atlas with the feeling that they are rather fine fellows, and that the poor foreigners who claim the other colours on the map are welcome to their leavings. But a little consideration of the meaning of the word "Empire," with its implication of a central and all-powerful government, would show them that no possible definition of the word could include the Dominions as now constituted. "The group of free nations *known as the British Empire*" is the latest official description of the countries represented by these patches of red on the map, and it is interesting to note the irony of the words in italics. For the British Empire, as the Victorians knew it, has long ceased to exist.

It is true that India, the Crown Colonies, and certain other dependencies still remain subject to the control of the British Parliament, but the Dominions now look to Great Britain only for a supreme judicial Court of Appeal, and for a navy to protect their commerce. They have made it abundantly clear that they owe no allegiance, that their support of us in war is matter only for their own decision, and that in questions of trade and industry, it is a case of themselves first, and Great Britain rather a poor second. South Africa and the Irish Free State have gone further, and even if they have not definitely claimed the right to secede, they have shown by their actions that for all practical purposes they claim complete independence.

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So that the question which we have to discuss is whether this disintegrating process is likely to go further and to lead ultimately to the birth of several entirely free and independent nations, who will no longer even call themselves British, or whether the necessity for co-operation in trade and industry will again knit the Empire together as an economic if not a political whole.

It will here be convenient to consider the Dominions separately, and to discuss whether they are individually more likely to cast off what slender ties remain, or to strengthen them for their own benefit and for ours.

First, Canada and Newfoundland. At the recent Imperial Conference Mr. Bennett showed clearly two things: first, that Canada desired close economic ties with the Mother country, and, secondly, that it is still in the position of the son who considers that the parent should give all and expect nothing. Mr. Bennett's political opponents have since hastened to repudiate this idea, and to point out the one-sidedness of the bargain he proposed; it is probable that when the Conference reassembles in Ottawa, the policy of "Canada first" will have been considerably modified, and there will not be lacking spokesmen who will put forward the view that the prosperity of the Empire depends largely and primarily on that of Great Britain.

It is sometimes held that a disintegrating factor as regards Canada is American influence, and the penetration of the country by American business interests. It is doubtful whether this is a serious consideration. Canada is already race-conscious, and she realizes that the United States would never grant her Dominion status, but would absorb her into the Federation, where she would rapidly lose her identity.

If, therefore, there is a will on the part of Great Britain to give effective Imperial preferences in return for real reciprocity (and there can be little doubt of the next Government's views in the matter) it is probable that the bonds with Canada will strengthen with the years, and that a close economic partnership will result.

The case of Australia is much more difficult. It is impossible to disguise the fact that, in the British family, Australia is at the moment rather in the position of the

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prodigal of the parable, and that before she can again occupy her proper place in the family circle, she will have to eat a good many husks.

Whether she will retain her strength on this diet, or whether it will permanently impair her constitution, and leave her open to infection by the Lenin virus, is a question that no one can answer. But one fact is obvious. Without the assistance of the British Fleet and the British Treasury, she will not for many years be in a position to stand alone as a nation, with Japan and possibly China at her gates clamouring for admission to her coveted territories. Therefore, as long as Australia remains a white man's country, she must retain her connections with the Mother country. The probabilities are that, as in the case of Canada, these will be strengthened by a more rational economic policy, based on a recognition of Great Britain's needs as well as her own.

New Zealand affords perhaps the easiest problem to the would-be prophet. There is no sign of any fissiparous tendency in any political circles in the country. The strong sentiment against any weakening of the present ties was clearly voiced at the recent Conference, and it is perhaps safe to prophesy that as long as Scotland remains part of the British Empire, so will New Zealand. Here again economics will play their proper part in bringing about a still closer relationship between the two countries.

South Africa, and with it Kenya, and other African territories now coloured red on our map, are a different matter. Self-dependent, with no potential invaders at its doors, the Union has a strong minority party who would gladly secede and sever all ties with Great Britain to-morrow. This party will gain in strength daily unless and until the Home Government eats its recent words on the native question, and withdraws its claim for native paramountcy. If this policy be persisted in, the Union will undoubtedly secede and carry with it Kenya, Rhodesia, and Nyassaland.

The gravity of this question of paramountcy is not fully recognized in England, and yet it has a close parallel in history, the American Civil War. There, the industrial north objected to the agricultural south exploiting cheap native labour, and raised the cry of slavery. The

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south threatened to secede. The north prevented secession by force of arms, at the cost of a bitter civil war. In Africa to-day Great Britain, as represented by a Labour Government, objects to the exploitation of cheap native labour, and raises the cry of paramountcy for the native. British Africa protests, and in time will seriously threaten to secede. Will Great Britain send an expeditionary force to prevent her? There, in a nutshell, is the problem that the future, and perhaps the very near future, holds for us as regards Africa, for every white man in the country other than a handful of Government officials and missionaries regards the paramountcy question as vital.

It is not possible to go deeply here into the ethics of the negro problem. Broadly speaking, there are two points of view. There is on one side the armchair administrator, who considers that the negro in Africa can be raised by education on Western lines to a footing of equality with the white man, and on the other the less visionary settler who knows the negro, and considers that he is infinitely happier as the hewer of wood and drawer of water which Nature apparently intended him to be. These two view-points are radically opposed, and it is doubtful whether they are capable of reconciliation. Suffice it to say that it would be difficult to find many men with first-hand experience of Africa and its negro tribes who would subscribe to the former theory. But on whether the British Government is prepared to recognize that the latter is a perfectly legitimate point of view hangs the fate of our South and East African dependencies.

After the Round Table Conference and the subsequent conversations between the Viceroy and Gandhi, it is more than a little difficult to forecast the future of India as part of the British Empire, but certain facts well known to those with Indian experience are beginning to emerge, although to the general public they are apt to be obscured by the fog of talk on Federation. Successful Federation, leading in the far-distant future to some modified form of self-government, freed from British Cabinet control, would seem to be perfectly feasible, given one condition and one only. And that is complete

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reconciliation and co-operation between Hindu and Moslim.

Whether that condition can ever be secured without a crushing defeat of one of the parties is extremely doubtful, and history would seem to point to its being impossible. For it is the old story of brawn versus brains, of soldier against political churchman. In every civilization that India has known, the Brahmin has played the part of the Richelieu and the Wolsey in French and English history. Moslim conquerors have had at their right hands astute Hindu advisers who to all intents and purposes held the reins of government. Even Clive and Warren Hastings found their services indispensable, and the history of Indian sedition is, in fact, the history of the gradual relegation of the Brahmin to the background of the picture.

That Hindu-Moslim enmity is not intrinsically a religious question was made clear at the Conference by the evidence of several princes, who frankly stated that this hostility was a political and not a religious affair, and that it was unknown in their States. There is, in fact, no place for it in a despotism, and it is only as the despotic power of the central government in India has weakened under too close Parliamentary control, and under reforms so called, such as dyarchy, that the Hindu has again lifted his eyes towards a goal that he once held, *i.e.* control of the finances of the country.

The chief cause of this enmity is in reality the Hindu social system; in itself a hopeless anachronism, it is the very antithesis of democracy, which is the essence of Islam. The power of the Brahmin, however, depends on it, and he has always resisted any attempt to reform it. Since 1858 he has been safely entrenched behind Queen Victoria's unfortunate proclamation of non-interference with the religions of the country. Thus, the abolition of *Suttee* was bitterly opposed by the Brahmins, and in more recent times every social reform, such as the law against child-marriage, has been cited by the Brahmins as an infringement of Queen Victoria's pledge. The abolition of *Suttee* and child-marriage was inevitable, as they were crimes against humanity, but so are other more hidden evils, such as that of the "Untouchables," which we have

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done little to redress. Were we again to take our courage in both hands, and in the true interests of India destroy the caste system on which the power of the Brahmin depends, we should go a long way towards solving the Moslim-Hindu impasse, and to opening the road to a true Federation, leading ultimately to some form of self-government. For there is no Hindu-Christian question. There is no Moslim-Christian question. Islam and Hinduism are opposed, and bitterly opposed, solely because one is essentially a democratic system and the other a priestly autocracy.

Unfortunately, in the twentieth century, there is little chance of such a complete reaction, and no public man would even dare to suggest it. It follows that for many years to come, British troops will be necessary in India to keep the peace between Hindu and Moslim, and to protect the country from invasion through the well-trodden northern passes; for an Indian army, composed as it is now of Moslims and Hindus, but deprived of its peace-keepers, the British officers, and without a British army discreetly in the background, would cut its own throat in a week. As long as the British Army is there, and until a national army led by Indians is a possibility, instead of a laughable fantasy, it is difficult to imagine an India even partially independent of British control; whatever its form of internal government, and however completely federated, India's relations with Great Britain, and its position in the British Empire, must remain much as they are to-day.

Lastly, we come to the Irish Free State. Most Englishmen find it very difficult to take this portion of the British Empire at its own valuation, and the Dominion Premiers apparently found the same difficulty at the Conference. The Southern Irish, however, take themselves very seriously, and it is unlikely that they will draw closer to Great Britain, until faced with some serious economic crisis or national danger, such as a threatened invasion. In either of these cases, we should probably find the Irish Free State clamouring to be re-admitted into closer relationship with Great Britain, and for our own good, though somewhat unwillingly, we should accept them. On the other hand, we could never

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tolerate complete independence, as an Ireland occupied by an effective army hostile to Great Britain would be unthinkable.

As long as Great Britain remains a great Power, then, the Irish Free State will be part of the so-called British Empire.

In this brief survey of the countries coloured red on the map, no mention has been made of the Crown Colonies, of the regions which we occupy for strategic reasons, such as the Sudan, nor of the Mandated territories. Of these the Crown Colonies are none of them big enough to stand alone as independent nations, whilst the occupied territories are essential to the security of the Empire. Little change is therefore likely to take place in their status. The Mandated territories are, strictly speaking, not part of the British Empire, though they may one day become so. This depends on that unknown entity, the League of Nations, and attempted prophecy based on its future would be futile.

In this short forecast of the future of the British Empire, we have at any rate succeeded in crystallizing the conditions on which this future depends, and our answer to an abstract problem must necessarily remain a series of concrete probabilities.

Thus, Canada and New Zealand will stay in the Empire *if* a mutual economic policy with the Home Country can be agreed upon. As this is so obviously a matter of hard common sense, there is every probability that such an agreement is inevitable.

Australia will remain with us *if* she resists internal disruption and consequent decay. A young, strong, and virile nation, she will probably succeed in setting her house in order.

South Africa and our other African possessions south of the Sudan will hold fast *if* the British Government keeps its hands off the native question. As the English are incurably sentimental, it probably will not, and we shall consequently lose them.

India may ultimately, in the far-distant future, attain some degree of freedom from British Cabinet control *if* she can solve the age-old problem of Hindu-Moslim enmity. As long as this exists (and instead of

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lessening it is increasing as the visible power of the British Raj decreases) we cannot withdraw the British Army without letting loose the biggest massacre in history, and India must rest content with a position in the Empire far removed from that now commonly understood by the phrase "Dominion status."

The Irish Free State will remain in name the Irish Free State, even if it does not again become an integral part of Great Britain, and the position of our other dependencies is likely to remain unchanged, as long as Great Britain retains her position as a great Power in Europe.

In closing this brief review, it will be as well to answer in advance one of the main objections that will be raised to it: the omission of any reference to sentimental ties between the Dominions and Great Britain. This omission is quite deliberate. History shows us that with nations, as with individuals, love turns only too easily into hatred, and that modern methods of propaganda can be most effective in hastening the process. Brothers and cousins make excellent enemies, even though they may occasionally join forces temporarily against an outsider. Sentiment is, in fact, a very dangerous link to trust to in this mechanical age, and it is better left out of the calculations.

Economy and Figures

By Sir Ernest J. P. Benn

ECONOMY, in the end, will prove to be a matter of figures. It will be expressed in small Budgets, lower rates and less taxation, each of which will be of comparatively little value in itself. Such arithmetical economies will do no more than indicate a healthier and better condition in more vital things. There is, indeed, some danger in the use of figures when speaking of economy. They tend to take the discussion out of the main track and lose it in little by-paths. To talk, for instance, of a 10 per cent. reduction in the salary of an official when in fact the position that he occupies and the work that he does are a danger and a detriment to the public weal is simply stupid. The 10 per cent. (if ever it were secured) would lead an unthinking public to tolerate for a further period an abuse the hundred per cent. removal of which is urgent. On the other side, to suggest a 10 per cent. reduction in the salary of an official whose work is a national necessity is even more stupid. If the work must be done—and the “if” is a pretty big one, for there is an immense amount of public work to-day that ought not to be done at all—then surely the truest economy is to be found in the payment of an adequate, even a generous, salary, in order that those with ability and energy may be tempted to compete for the post.

To listen to discussions on public finance or economy when they are conducted by persons who have no qualifications for dealing with such subjects is an amusing occupation, and can be recommended to the few who know anything about these matters. The uninformed disputants will pounce upon some odd figure. Long speeches will be made about it, the figure itself will be inaccurate, the deductions from it will be illogical, and the argument will end by doing more harm than good. The arithmetical aspect of economy is not really a question for the public at all. The public function is to develop and express the spirit of economy, all the broad common-sense that is implied in the word.

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For example, to say that an ounce of tobacco costs a shilling is to express only a part of the truth. To the seller of tobacco the cost is much less than a shilling. The grower is happy if he gets something in the neighbourhood of a penny, and the rest is made up of dues, rates and taxation. To the buyer the cost is much more than a shilling. That figure omits the cost of pipe, ash-trays, matches and pipe-cleaners, to name only the details. It omits altogether, and must always omit, any consideration of physical deterioration in the buyer and the smoker. A shillingworth of tobacco may be of incalculable value to the man whose nerves benefit from the sort of comfort that can be obtained in that way. On the other hand, the shilling expended on tobacco may mean fortunes lost to the man whose constitution does not need narcotics. So it is with everything. The individual article or item and the actual price are only the beginning of a long story. Consider, for instance, the cost of death duties.

The argument on this part of public finance generally confines itself to the folly of collecting capital and spending it as income. Sometimes it goes on to discuss the personal hardship inflicted upon those who have to pay these duties. But little or no discussion is ever devoted to the serious damage suffered in the body economic by the imposition of any death duties at all. A properly constituted economic society, in which all can live in health and comfort, demands the existence at the top of a large body of persons in command of resources which can be used freely and expeditiously for the cultivation of any corner of the general field that for the moment appears to need attention. Death duties, even on a modest scale, weaken these resources. On the scale at present imposed, they close up completely and absolutely one of the most essential of the safety-valves of civilization. They do worse than that. They not only rob us of the best and easiest instrument of economic development; they destroy the economic building of the past. An analysis of the position of our leading industrial concerns of twenty years' standing or more would disclose the presence in many of them of a cancer that is slowly and steadily bringing them to

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destruction. These great concerns were built up almost without exception by personal initiative and maintained by personal responsibility. Little by little, as generation succeeds generation, they are divided, split up, scattered and forced into the company market, being removed at each stage of the decay further and further from the safety that personal responsibility guarantees. In due course, they reach a condition in which politicians and new world mongers discuss the need for rationalization, or some other modern political nostrum.

What is the cost of this state of affairs? How can it be reckoned? It is probably far heavier than the amount of our rates and taxes, and yet we forget it when talking of public affairs and economy. Death duties are no more than an indication of the same fatal tendencies in many other directions. We talk, for example, of the cost of housing. We know that Dr. Addison spent some hundreds of millions on housing. We know that that money was badly spent. We also know that, although it is still owing, the houses bought with it are to-day worth less than half of what they cost. No allowance is made in the public accounts for that half of the money raised under the Addison scheme now known to be lost. We leave our children to pay both for the houses and for Dr. Addison. Meanwhile, we go merrily on, launching new housing schemes, measuring them in terms of a penny rate to pay for the interest on capital that will never be redeemed.

That story is shocking enough, but it is the smaller part of the whole history of waste and disaster that has arisen from political interference with housing. There are no means of calculating the loss involved in the political damage of the last twenty years, which has wiped out the old housing business. Twenty years ago, two out of three of the ten million fathers of families were filled with the desire to own some bricks and mortar. They were all doing their small part in saving money with the hope of persuading some building society or, more likely, some speculative builder, to arrange the finance of a house that each might call his own. To-day many of the ten million householders of the country have no higher ambition than to occupy a house which is built

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out of the rates and of which the rent will one day be paid from the same source. What is the cost of this alteration in the point of view of a large and important section of the people? There was a time (a time in which we overbuilt) when the speculator could make money out of the creation of ground rents. Many happy homes, much better homes than the flimsy modern boxes, were sold to householders for less than they cost to build, the speculator relying for his profit on the sale of a ground rent thus created. That was a scheme which once performed the miracle of causing over-production in the housing market. How happy we should be to undergo such an affliction to-day! It added wealth to the national account inadequately indicated by the millions of figures that express it. From housing one could move on to all forms of business and ask, as a thorough economy enquiry should ask, not only what sums public extravagance has extracted from them, but what resources have been prevented by the folly of it all from going into them. Economy is much more than mere figures.

Marshal Foch and his Military Testament—II.

By J. H. Morgan, K.C.

(Late Deputy Adjutant-General, G.O.C. British Effectives Section of the Disarmament Commission in Germany.)

SINCE the first part of this article appeared, my attention has, with expressions of just indignation, been drawn by a British regular officer of distinction, who fought in the "first battle of Ypres," to a very curious attack on the memory of Marshal Foch by Brigadier-General E. L. Spears in the form of a newspaper article. That article, with Marshal Foch's "Memoirs" as its ostensible text, but with singularly little evidence of the Marshal's book as its substance, laboriously attempted to convict of studied meanness one of the noblest men who ever honoured our army and its commanders with the most chivalrous of tributes. The character of that article is sufficiently indicated, nay stigmatized, by its heavily-leaded caption, "MARSHAL FOCH BELITTLES US FROM HIS GRAVE." Was that outrageous headline General Spears's misfortune or his fault? We shall see.

The article in question appeared in one of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. This was a little unfortunate. Unfortunate because Lord Beaverbrook, who is a man of vision, energy, and of a quality all too rare in our political life, to wit, moral courage, stood almost alone among our public men—at a time when nearly everyone else in this country was convulsed with an almost hysterical delusion that the sterile formulas of "Locarno" had brought to a distracted world a new millennium—in divining that the "security" guarantees embodied in that cuirass of tape and parchment were for us a most dangerous commitment. And, indeed, not only dangerous to us, but utterly futile as an effective measure of

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security for France and, equally, for Germany. Now what Lord Beaverbrook not only thought, but had the courage to say and publish about the witcheries of Locarno—the most stupefying opiate with which, assisted by the lullabies of Sir Austen Chamberlain,* public opinion was ever put to sleep—Marshal Foch also said but never published. So, indeed, in a letter to the writer of this article, also said the greatest of our Foreign Secretaries since Salisbury, the late Lord Lansdowne.

Therefore to "belittle" Foch to the English public is worse than uncharitable, it is excessively unwise. Europe is rapidly moving towards the overwhelming disaster of another war, and Foch not only foresaw it, but predicted to the writer of this article how, where and when it would come. Also he had views, which time will justify and, I fear, justify very soon, about the futility of "Locarno" and of "Disarmament." Certain unpublished "Notes" of his on the latter subject are in my possession. A true knowledge, and a just understanding, of those views are, and will be, of supreme importance to us if we are to escape from being drawn into the carnal horror of another war. It is no use ignorant and peevish persons like Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, of whom more in a moment, trying to discount Foch's opinions on these things, to the extent of almost disfranchising him of any right to be heard at all, by such spurious rhetoric as the statement that Foch, animated by a "hatred" which he never felt, wished always and for ever to "spring at the throat" (thus General Spears) of the German people. A more stupid, mischievous, and wanton calumny was never uttered. General Spears knows almost as little of Marshal Foch as Marshal Foch knew of him. Foch, like nearly every great soldier except Napoleon and the *condottiere* of history, hated war,

* Political memories are short, too short, perhaps mercifully so. Therefore would I commend to the reader, as an important contribution to the political history of "Locarno," before and after, a devastating criticism of that diplomatic makeshift from the dexterous brush of our greatest political critic. It is a cartoon by "Low" with the superscription, "A Hopeless Dawn," which appeared in the *Evening Standard* of February 27, 1928.

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which had bereft him of all that he held most dear, and it was just because he hated war that he wished to secure peace. Captain Liddell Hart,* a great military historian, beside whom Brigadier-General Spears and all his "liaison" gossip sink into insignificance, and who has already exposed a glaring inaccuracy in what is otherwise an interesting footnote to history in the form of a book by General Spears, has exactly expressed, in a noble sentence, the truth about Foch's view of a war *à outrance* with the German people: "In his hour of triumph [i.e. on the eve of the Armistice] it is Foch's greater glory that in him the mystic gave place to the realist, the lover of battle to *the lover of humanity*. Realizing that his armistice terms would give him all the fruits of victory, he sacrificed the ornamental laurels which might, or might not, have come from a continuation of the fight—at the price of more lives."

There was a certain moment in the secret history of the Locarno negotiations—and, as always with the so-called open diplomacy of these days, there was, and remains, a secret history of that affair—when our own Foreign Office was extremely anxious to secure Foch's approval of the Locarno agreements and set about trying to get it in a most ingenious way. It was not forthcoming. More of that in a later article. In view of the dangerously extravagant hopes excited among uninstructed minds by the coming convocation of a "World Disarmament" Conference in February of next year, it seems not a little timely, and, indeed, imperative, that the public should be told the truth about these things. And not only about Locarno, but about the experiment, extending over a period of seven years, of attempting to disarm the greatest military Power of modern times. Of that experiment Foch was, of course, not indeed the instrument, nor even the inspiration—he was merely *primus inter pares* in the Allied Military Committee,

* "Reputations," by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, p. 179. This brilliant and profound book, by the most deeply-read student of the history of the Great War, also contains a masterly chapter exploding once and for all the legend of Joffre as an "oracle" of strategy. I commend it to the attention of General Spears who, in his laborious campaign of detraction of Foch, has followed up the article alluded to above with a childish attempt to prove that Foch was "second," and a bad second, to Joffre.

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to which we reported, and the decisions of that Committee had to be unanimous. But he was its wisest counsellor. And all that he said, counselled, wrote, during those seven experimental years is, and will be, of supreme importance in the resolution if, indeed, any resolution be possible, of the questions which await a world-debate in the agenda of the Disarmament Conference. But I must content myself, within the limits of this article, by saying—as I will in due course prove—that he foresaw everything that has happened, even unto that which, obscured though it is from the public eye, is happening now.

With the amazing defamation of Foch's memory by Brigadier-General Spears I will also deal, with the utmost fidelity, in a later article. And for a very simple reason. It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of General Spears, but it is not so easy to exaggerate the importance of the newspapers—there is some reason to think there was more than one—which he has misled. For they are "popular" newspapers, in both senses of the adjective, with a high literary standard, an immense circulation and, I doubt not, sincerely "patriotic" in the best sense of that much-abused word. The effects abroad of such an article, appearing in newspapers of such influence, are almost incalculably mischievous. And when I see an article insidiously suggesting that Foch, the most chivalrous of men, sought, in a book which is a kind of dying deposition, to "belittle," disparage, depreciate our army and those who led it, I am moved to protest and much more than protest. General Spears's imputations impale him on the horns of an implacable dilemma. Either he has never read Foch's Memoirs, in which case he had no business to "review" them, or he has read them, in which event he deliberately, and therefore grossly, misrepresented them. Sufficient here to say that in these very Memoirs there are no less than twenty tributes on different pages to the valour of our troops and the brilliance of their leadership—tributes far exceeding anything that Foch says about the French. More than that, in a certain utterance written twelve years ago, and written deliberately for the French public lest they be disposed

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to forget the British effort, Foch, suppressing all reference to his own part in the mighty battles of 1918, gave all the credit of the Allied victories in the last 112 days of that gigantic conflict to the British, and gave it in words of such impassioned praise as even English writers have rarely equalled and never surpassed. Anyone who knows anything of the sensitiveness of the French public, and its *amour propre*, will know that, in writing thus, Foch was taking considerable risks with his own popularity in his own country. But to considerations of that kind Foch was always singularly indifferent. Unlike Brigadier-General Spears, he was neither a politician nor a rhetorician. He will not be dismissed by this generation with a shrug and a sneer at the behest of a British Liaison Officer. Brigadier-General Spears's article was adorned with a large-scale portrait of General Spears and a small-scale portrait of Marshal Foch. The sense of proportion therein exhibited is a little ludicrous. But there is something to be said for it. I have no desire to be as offensive to General Spears as he has been to the memory of Marshal Foch, but I cannot help being reminded of what a brilliant journalist, with a taste for scriptural metaphors, once said to me: "In Fleet Street," he explained, "a living dog is more important than a dead lion."

What did Foch think of his antagonists in the field? There is nothing in these "Memoirs" to tell us. There are only two references to Ludendorff, and even then they are nothing more than a sentence referring to a change in the German High Command. But I can, to some extent, fill the *lacunæ*. Of Ludendorff's strategy on the Western Front in 1918 the Marshal said to me in Paris (November 13, 1924):

"In our attacks"—Foch never spoke of "my" attacks—"there was a single direction of aim although the blows were made at different points. With Ludendorff in March and May 1918 there was no such singleness of direction."

General Hoffmann—"the only man of ideas on the Eastern Front" as Marshal Conrad von Holtzendorff said

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of him, even as Foch was the only man of ideas on the Western Front and who, of all the German war-gods, perhaps because of a maternal strain of French blood, resembled him—once uttered exactly the same criticism to me. He has, indeed, left it on record.* On another occasion Foch, speaking of the utter lack of contact between the German Higher Command and the officers commanding in the field, remarked :—

Ludendorff is made in the pattern of the time of Frederick the Great. He has no understanding of a *people in arms*. It is all "Staff" (*état-major*) with him. He regards an army as though it were nothing better than an army of mercenaries.

Those who have read Ludendorff's "Memoirs" will not fail to see that this judgment is just.

With one of his flashes of insight, he once said to me of the German Army "the machine was always greater than the men who were called upon to manage it."† The truth is, of course, as he had emphasized long before he was called upon to furnish the supreme proof of it, that the bigger armies become, the greater is the rôle of their Commanders-in-Chief. "Fights" (*combats*) whether they be the actions of an advanced guard, a flank-guard or a rear-guard are one thing, "battles" (*la bataille*) are quite another. And to plan a modern battle requires a tremendous and continuous effort of thought and an inflexible will. This was the secret of his success. General Weygand has told the writer of this article that the Marshal, during the war, always left all details, and all papers, to him and would shut himself up in his room at his G.H.Q. with a map and think alone for hours. As for "will," Foch was the incarnation of human resolution. Never once during the whole of the war did he lose his nerve. Ludendorff did, more than once.‡ So, of course,

* In chapter XVIII of his remarkably judicial book "*Der Krieg der versäumten Gelegenheiten*" ("The War of Lost Opportunities.")

† Almost exactly the same criticism has been made by an anonymous German staff officer, one of the first to write a really dispassionate survey of the war—i.e., in "*Kritik des Weltkrieges*" von einem Generalstäbler (Leipzig, 1921) in which the writer says (at p. 125) "The root of all our failures, the inactivity and apathy of our Higher Command in August 1914 and the first half of September, is to be found in the *weaknesses of the individual*, not of the system."

‡ e.g. on August 28, 1914 when he ordered Mackensen and Bülow to arrest their envelopment of Sansonov.

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did the unhappy Moltke and the hardly more felicitous Prittwitz. The most brilliant and, what is much more important, the most instructed and sagacious military writer of our day and generation in this country, Captain Liddell Hart, in what is, on the whole, a very just, as it is a very stimulating, study of Foch* has suggested, if I understand him rightly, that there was a little too much "*panache*" about some of Foch's displays of "will" and that he sometimes conjured up, in critical situations, reinforcements which either did not exist or never arrived. There may be some foundation—not very much—for that. But if true, it is only true of 1914, never of 1918. The truth is that Foch was always suspicious of a General who talked of retreat. Discussing Foch, General Nollet said to me: "If a General ever said to Foch 'my men are exhausted,' Foch was inclined to suspect that it was the General who was exhausted." There were many occasions on which—General Gouraud recently cited to me the case of a certain G.O.C. whose name it would be invidious to mention—he "infused his will," as Gouraud put it, with remarkable results, into Commanding Officers who, with no reserves, were almost succumbing to overwhelming odds. And it was just that infusion of will that the vast German military machine lacked, and, lacking it, failed. A German officer, when discussing with Herr Stresemann and myself, at a dinner-table in Berlin in 1922, the reason why the Germans lost the war, discovered it in a sentence—"We forgot Kant's Categorical Imperative." A characteristically German way of putting it. But the proof of it is written large in the German campaigns in Flanders, Lorraine, and East Prussia in 1914.†

* "*Reputations*," by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart (1928), pages 157-183.

† In a word, the German Higher Command forgot Foch's maxim (it was also the maxim of Frederick the Great) "Who wishes to defend all saves nothing." In the opinion of General Hoffmann, Prittwitz, by his fear of withdrawing the XVth Army Corps from the defence of the Southern frontier of East Prussia, where the crucial battle was not, to the North, where it was, threw away the one chance of destroying, at the outset, both Russian armies, as he might otherwise have done by concentrating all his available forces on destroying the Vilna Army in sufficient time to have effected the subsequent destruction of the Warsaw Army—"Tannenberg wie es Wirklich war" (Berlin, 1927), chap. I. As for Flanders and Lorraine, Moltke himself ruefully admitted that his withdrawal of two Corps from the German right was "a mistake" (*ein Fehler*) "which took its revenge on the Marne"—"*Erinnerungen*," p. 435.

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Here, for the time being, we must take leave of the great soldier and his testament. A great book this testament, in every way worthy of him who wrote it, and, in its self-effacement, a noble book. In that respect, as in every other, Foch was a great gentleman and such an one as perhaps only a great Christian, and a devout Christian he was, can be. May we not say of this testament what its author said of the first book he ever wrote: "Of these pages we would like to think that they are even as those fires lit by the herdsman on a storm-bound coast in the hope that to the sorely tried navigator they may serve to guide him in his course." Such, indeed, are they. This beacon light will never be "quenched in smoke." But for the rest—

Now is the stately column broke,
The warder silent on the hill.

The Hindu-Muslim Problem and the Indian Reforms

By Sir William Barton

THE disturbance in the atmosphere of the Round Table Conference during its closing sessions, as a result of the obtrusion, in an acute form, of the Hindu-Muslim problem, has placed in a vivid light the differences between the two great communities in India. The facile optimism of the politicians on both sides has been weakened; they can now with difficulty persuade themselves that the working of democratic institutions in partnership is the best, if not the only way to bridge the gulf between Hindu and Muslim. It is no longer possible for the political crank in England or India to assert with a shrug of the shoulders that the Hindu-Muslim problem is a myth, invented by an unsympathetic bureaucracy to justify a policy of *divide et impera*. It is equally futile for those who have hitherto denied the existence of the problem to argue that in Indian States Hindus and Muslims live side by side in amity and that it is merely the result of British rule that similar conditions are not found in British India. In the Indian States one or other community is entirely predominant with complete control of the machinery of government; the attitude of the rival community must, in such circumstances, be entirely passive. Even so, there have been ugly outbreaks of religious fanaticism in some States. The argument from conditions in Indian States is illogical, and in any case is beside the point. Public opinion, both in India and in Britain, now recognizes that the Hindu-Muslim trouble lies at the very heart of the Indian problem. The outstanding question now is: can a framework of government be devised in which Hindu and Muslim will in partnership work representative institutions?

It is a curious phenomenon that the dawn of a new hope for Indian self-government with the offer of the princes to join a United States of India, should have

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fanned the antagonism between the two great communities into such a fierce heat. The origin is fear. The Muslim feels that what the Hindu expects of him is that he should forget that he is a Muslim and all that Islam has stood for in India; that he should become an Indian and so merge himself in the greater community. In other words, Islam as a political force is to disappear under the influence of majority rule. This the Muslim finds it impossible to accept. His apprehensions for the future are shared by another great community, the outcasts or depressed classes. There are fifty to sixty millions of the latter as compared with seventy millions of Muslims in India; thus the major community of some one hundred and eighty millions find themselves faced with the problem of allaying the fears of a hundred and twenty millions of the people of India, if self-governing institutions are to work at all. Both minority groups, outcast and Muslim, claim separate electorates as the only means of exerting the political influence to which they feel themselves entitled.

A brief historical retrospect will help to make clear the attitude of the Muslims towards constitutional reform.

The fall of the Maratha Empire in 1817 left the British in unchallenged supremacy in India. Muslim political opinion at the time was not unfriendly to the new Empire. The great Muslim State of Hyderabad and the Muslim kingdom of Oudh were loyal allies, grateful for what British arms had done in removing the incubus of Maratha power. The faded glories of Delhi still linked Muslim imagination to a splendid past. Forty years later the annexation of Oudh and the final uprooting of the Moghals from Delhi after the Mutiny brought about a change in the Muslim attitude. There grew up in the Muslim mind the habit of looking beyond the passes for a revival of the days of Muslim Empire: a form of ultra-montanism developed at the heart of the political creed of the Muslim in India. Islam stood for the Muslims in the place of country and nation: they turned their gaze rather towards Constantinople than towards the Indian capital. Educationally and economically backward, political catchwords made no appeal

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to them; they had little if any sympathy with Indian nationalism as represented by the Hindu Congress in the last two decades of the nineteenth century. The Morley-Minto reforms weakened the Muslim feeling of solidarity with the outside world of Islam. Muslims were now compelled to play a part in Indian politics. They at first took up a defensive position and were mainly concerned to preserve their individuality by the device of separate electorates. Pro-Turkish sympathy in various representative groups of Muslims kept alive ultramontane tendencies during the Great War. A year or two later, in 1920, the Khilafat movement in favour of a vanquished and almost obliterated Turkey swept the majority of the Muslims of India into the arms of the Hindu extremist. The abolition of the Khilafat and the establishment of the Turkish republic paralysed the agitation. Some time elapsed before Muslim mentality could re-adjust itself to the changed outlook. In the end much of the enthusiasm that had been aroused was diverted into the channel of Indian nationalism with a resultant strengthening of the Indian demand for self-government. The tactics of the Hindu Mahasabha, however, with the Sangathan and Shuddhi movements which the Muslims interpreted as aiming at Hindu domination, made real unity difficult. It was not long before the Muslims realized the necessity for safeguards that would be a substantial barrier against the logical consequences of the principle of the majority vote. The most that Hindu political leaders were prepared to offer was a reservation of seats on a population basis in a system of joint electorates. This would give the Muslims the majority of seats in some provinces. In other provinces where there was a substantial Muslim population some weightage would be allowed to the Muslims in fixing the proportion of seats. These concessions were not regarded as adequate by the Muslims. Nothing short of separate electorates will in their opinion give them adequate protection against being swamped by the weight of numbers. A system of joint electorates would, they feel, result in the political balance passing over to the Hindus, even in provinces where the Muslims are in the majority. The superior organization of the Hindu politicians and the far greater

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resources they command would make it possible for them to secure a proportion of the Muslim seats by manipulating the elections and so ensuring the return of Muslim candidates prepared to support Hindu policy. In this way Muslim preponderance would be neutralized in majority provinces and their influence in minority provinces weakened, with the result that the Muslims would lose their historical place in Indian polity.

The rapid approach of the ideal of Federal self-government has led the Muslims to restate at the Round Table Conference in clear terms what they regard as their political charter. In the first place, Sind should be separated from Bombay and constituted a Governor's province; the North-West Province must be given a similar status. In these provinces the Muslims are over 90 per cent. of the population. In Bengal the Muslim percentage is 52; in the Punjab 55. The Muslims on the strength of their majority in these four provinces claim that the government in all of them be permanently Muslim. In no other way, it is argued, can the Muslims hold their legitimate place in India; in no other way can they hope to maintain their individuality. With political control of the great recruiting grounds of the Punjab and the Frontier they would be able to inspire a reasonable measure of respect in the counsels of India. They further demand political weightage in the Federal legislature. This is all the more necessary, they feel, in view of the fact that the accession of the Indian States means a great increase of strength to the Hindu element in the Federal Assembly.

With joint electorates and the refusal of a full measure of provincial autonomy to the North-West Frontier Province, the Muslims feel that they would have no real political influence. The Sikhs and Hindus would, by securing the election of their own nominees for a proportion of the Muslim seats, dominate the Punjab. Unless the North-West Frontier Province reaches full provincial stature Hindu influence might become predominant on the Frontier. The government of the province might, in fact, be placed in Hindu hands. In such conditions what, they ask, is there to prevent the Federal Government, which must necessarily have a

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Hindu majority, from adopting a military policy which would deprive the martial races of the Western Punjab (the Punjabi Mohamedan) and the North-West Frontier of their proud position in the Indian Army to-day? The result might be to draw a fireproof curtain between India and militant Islam beyond the Frontier, to which the Indian Muslim, perhaps not unnaturally, looks for moral support. So long as the British Army is in India such developments could not occur. The British Army will not, however, remain indefinitely in a self-governing India. Because of this possible danger to their interests from a military point of view the Muslims insist that the North-West Frontier shall have full political self-expression. With this they feel that the fighting races of the Frontier will be able to maintain their historic position and traditions, and help to support Muslim prestige in a Federation of India.

The Hindu-Muslim question remained unsettled when the Conference broke up on January 19, although several points had been conceded, *e.g.*, that the North-West Frontier should have an administration of the provincial type. It is generally recognized that a reasonable adjustment of communal differences is essential if there is to be a self-governing Federation of India. The attitude of the British Government has been one of friendly impartiality; that this is the correct attitude there can be no doubt. The majority of the Indian Delegates have appreciated this point of view. The fact is recognized that the British Government have not attempted to derive any kind of tactical advantage from the communal trouble. They cannot be taxed with having endeavoured to effect an unholy alliance with the Muslim against the Hindu. So far is this from being the case that there was at one time a feeling amongst the Muslims that official support was on the side of the Hindu. This, of course, was an illusion. His Majesty's Government regard the matter as a family quarrel which Indians must settle for themselves. The British cannot impose a settlement. By so doing they would lose the goodwill of both parties. Suppose they threw their weight on the side of the Hindus, would the latter readily concede the military resources the position would

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demand? Could British and Hindus together permanently keep the Muslim in subjection? It is not to be thought of.

The British have every desire to see the quarrel composed and will do all in their power to assist. The assent of His Majesty's Government to responsibility at the centre remains conditional on the successful issue of the negotiations to this end which must now be undertaken in India. At the present time it would be unduly optimistic to expect anything beyond a workable concordat, which the British Government would do their best to implement. Even with such an agreement Indians, and especially Hindus, would be unwise to press too far a policy which might weaken the military position. The thousand-year-old spectre that hovers over the North-West Frontier has not yet been exorcised; that it has lost its terrors in the last seventy or eighty years is due to the fact that behind the Indian Army there has been the whole military strength of a great Empire. Militant Islam still lies at the gates of India. An Afghan kingdom stretches beyond the passes. The Afghans in recent years have felt the spell of Western civilization. If they developed into a great progressive and self-governing nation would not their influence extend beyond the passes? The North-West Frontier might experience a new political gravitation; the attraction might spread still further to the East. Here is a greater reason for the Hindu to make a generous settlement with the Muslims, a settlement that shall banish fear; a settlement that shall in the end fuse Hindu and Muslim into one nation; that shall hasten on the era when Indians—Hindus, Muslims, and outcasts shall own one loyalty, one common Motherland.

Economics Past and Present

By W. A. Hirst

"TIME rolls his ceaseless course," and sweeps away the works of mankind. Men of science are prone to repose extreme confidence in their theories, and certainly the economists of the last century were not behindhand in this respect. They made the same mistake at the same time as that perpetrated by Karl Marx and his followers. Both took the circumstances of their own age and, to a large extent, those of a single country, from which they drew conclusions that were roughly true, but thereupon they proceeded to proclaim them as eternal verities.

In the England of 1840, where the workmen had no effective defence against the employer, and where the employer had little to restrain him from doing what he would with his own, there was some reason to frame an iron law of wages. Workmen being numerous and obliged to work or starve, it was easy for the manufacturer to appropriate the whole product of their labour, except that which was necessary for the worker's subsistence. Similarly, Great Britain, having abundant capital and plant and competing against comparatively weak rivals, had everything to gain by Free Trade. Let foreign nations, they said, provide raw materials and buy back the finished product at greatly enhanced prices. If they admit our manufactured goods free, our profit is very large, and they obtain better and cheaper goods than they could manufacture for themselves. At the same time, we admit the foodstuffs of the whole world freely. This ensures a stable and not excessive price for the people's food, and at the same time our farmers are not injured, because their cost of production is low, and they can compete against foreign grain and meat, which have to carry expensive freights. Thus all was well, and it was confidently asserted that the laws of Political Economy were indubitable.

The thought of one age begets the thought of the next. The dominant political and economic thought of the

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savants in the eighteenth century was liberal, and this derived from the French Revolution. The eighteenth century was the reaction against the Middle Ages. That period came to an end with the wars of religion—about the time of the termination of the Thirty Years' War—and Europe was left to face a new situation. The old religious sanctions had weakened and new sanctions had to be found. These were intellectual.

We shall find in eighteenth-century writers a belief in Nature. This was due partly to the Latin setting of their studies. The Stoic conception of Nature as a thing to be followed, which cannot be forsaken without infinite harm, was accepted by them. This was reinforced on all sides. The writings of Rousseau, which had more influence than any other, were full of this deification of Nature, and it was assumed that all the evils of society were due to mankind having forsaken her primitive simplicity. Shelley, who derived all his political thought from Rousseau, was firmly convinced that all wrong was due to mischievous "tyrants," who acquired their wealth by robbing the people and corrupting them with luxury.

The same doctrine was spread by the Physiocrats of France who held that the self-interest of each one would direct people into the activities most conducive to the wealth and happiness of the communities to which they belonged. Adam Smith, while making certain criticisms, adopted that part of their theory, believing that an "unseen hand" guided men, while pursuing their own interests, to bring about the common good. Thus all thought and feelings were precipitated in the direction of throwing off the shackles of ages. This led up to the great catastrophe.

The French Revolution, though it brought about a reaction in the direction of Government absolutism, did not seriously undermine the principles which inspired it. Nature was still a good and interference was still an evil. The more sober writings of Bentham, which were directed towards the demolition of time-honoured institutions and to general liberation, were an extremely strong influence. Thus, before the middle of the nineteenth century, we find a liberal regime. It was at this time that Political Economy was formulated as a science.

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All its English exponents regarded the conditions which they observed as stable, but, in fact, they were in a state of flux. They were writing in the middle of the industrial revolution, which, in England, had completely changed industry and, in part, society at large.

Until the time of steam machinery, the improvement of roads and canals, and other growing facilities, our manufacturing industries were personal and domestic. When Defoe traversed the wild country between Blackstone Edge in Lancashire, and Halifax, he relates: "Among the manufacturers' houses are likewise scattered an infinite number of cottages or small dwellings, in which dwell the workmen who are employed, the women and children of whom are always busy carding, spinning, etc., so that, no hands being unemployed, all can gain their bread, even from the youngest to the ancient; hardly anything above four years old, but its hands are sufficient to itself."

In Wiltshire and elsewhere he notes that the "prodigious" woollen industry originated from the plentiful supply of wool which the Downs afforded. The child labour, which he mentions, became one of the most crying abuses of the factory system, but we hear no complaints of the sufferings of the four-year-olds during the period of domestic industry. Being employed by their own parents and living on the healthy moorlands, it is probable that they took little harm from their precocious activities. The first ninety years of the eighteenth century were prosperous, owing to an astonishing run of good harvests and the relative peace which the country enjoyed.

Thackeray says of Sir Robert Walpole: "He gave Englishmen no conquest, but he gave them peace, and ease, and freedom; the Three per Cents. nearly at par; and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a quarter."

About the time that Arkwright began his prosperous career, the exports of woollen goods were twenty times as valuable as those of cotton. But a great change came—manufactures were divorced from the farmer and the peasant; the circumstances of the industrial revolution are too well known to need description.

These circumstances, however, were regarded by

Ricardo and his school as if they were eternal. Population grew rapidly and manufactures attained "unexampled prosperity." Malthus also made his deductions from these shifting facts, and even the open-minded Mill regarded his principles of population as an article of faith. Their principles were embodied in legislation. It may be noted that practically every Free Trade measure has been carried by Conservative Ministers. In the previous century the projects of Bolingbroke and the successful reforms of Pitt had been bitterly opposed by the Whigs. The great Free Trade measures of the nineteenth century were the work of Huskisson, Peel, and Gladstone. Thus industry was freed, and for a time all went well. It has been repeatedly pointed out that many circumstances besides Free Trade contributed to what Thorold Rogers called England's Industrial and Commercial Supremacy.

To the surprise of many optimists foreign nations did not, on the whole, follow our example. France, as always, maintained strict Protection, and most other nations levied considerable export duties. This, however, was largely due to the fact that the peoples would not brook direct taxation on any large scale. But there were strong Free Trade parties in every country, and the trend of feeling generally was in that direction.

However, there were early writers who argued the other side with great ability. The American, Henry Carey, a thoughtful economist, whose writings are too incoherent to be widely read, gradually came to believe in complete Protection. One of his arguments was the ingenious one of "earth butchery." He affirmed that the drain of crops for export left the land impoverished; the people obtained their manufactures from abroad and were left with sterile acres. This theory used to be the stock in trade of the Indian Congress. Undoubtedly, it does not appear good business, say for New Zealand, to raise wool, send it twelve thousand miles, and receive it back as cloth. Even Mill would permit the fostering of woollen factories in such circumstances.

Carey's ideas are not altogether clear, but, on the whole, he seems to think universal Protection would, when economic harmony had been established, pave the

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way to universal Free Trade. He exercised influence in Germany.

A better known economist was Friedrich List. His views were somewhat complicated, for they, in part, advocated Protection and, in other cases, Free Trade. The latter he considered beneficial to England. But his main object was political. For Germany, which was in a less advanced industrial state, he desired that it (being united as it was after his death) should protect its young industries until they were strong enough to stand alone. He said: "Moderate protection does not grant a monopoly to home manufactures, only a guarantee against loss for those individuals who have devoted their capital, talent, and labour to new and untried industries. There can be no monopoly since home competition takes the place of foreign, and it is open to each member of the State to share in the benefits it offers to individuals. There is merely a monopoly for the inhabitants of one country against those of foreign countries, who themselves possess at home a similar monopoly. But this monopoly is useful, not only because it wakes productive forces lying idle and dormant in the nation, but because it attracts to the country foreign productive forces (material and intellectual capital, *entrepreneurs*, skilled and unskilled workmen)."

He looked forward to a great and powerful Germany, which industrially would be in the position that England occupied in his lifetime.

However, in the beginning of the last quarter of the century, a change came about. The philosophy of Matthew Arnold was in some respects superficial and unsatisfactory, but he made one valuable contribution to thought in his emphasis of the power of the *Zeit-Geist*, which saps old beliefs as the experience of the human mind widens. This has been in full force against the mechanical conception of society which was upheld by the older economists. It is now recognized as organic, and there is, to some extent, a recognition of new forces arising—this was totally ignored by the old school.

The United States and Germany adopted Protection. The occasion for these changes happened to be political, but so great was the industrial advance of both countries

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that now the system, which in the United States has attained unprecedented rigour, is always defended upon economic grounds. At the same time all the Latin-American Republics and practically every nation except Holland and Denmark, constantly raised their tariffs.

In England also there was change. Our manufacturers found all doors closed against them and a long period of dull trade ensued. The Fair Traders had a strong following in the North, but the old principles were too strong to be immediately affected, and our manufacturers began to show more energy. Even the McKinley Tariff could not prevent the return of prosperity, and in India Lancashire had a large and secure market.

Politically, however, the order of thought was passing away. In the early and mid-Victorian days we had had Colonial Secretaries like Lord Granville and Lord Derby who wished that the Colonies would declare themselves independent. Gladstone himself was hardly less lukewarm in Imperial sentiment. But about 1885, for no very obvious reason, there grew up a feeling of pride in our possessions. Forster, Parkin, and Lord Rosebery took part in the movement, which for years was almost imperceptible.

A decade later the scramble for Africa aroused public interest, and very soon Imperialism was the chief political force, to the disgust of "advanced" Liberals. The idea of the Empire as an economic unit grew in favour. No doubt the physical difficulties in the way of any such formal union are almost insuperable, but a great deal might have been done. Very different would have been the position of Lancashire to-day if it had been possible to include India in Chamberlain's system of Empire Free Trade. Here it may be remarked that the loss to the Empire caused by a series of Governors-General, each one weaker and more incompetent than the last, is colossal. At the bidding of a few thousand disloyal would-be politicians, the magnificent Indian market has been ruined. Result, hundreds of thousands added to the unemployed list in England, and the countless millions of India deprived of cheap clothing. The loyal princes of India gain nothing, however high the custom duties

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are piled, and their people suffer. "Mad worlds! mad kings! mad composition!"

Free Trade remained impregnable—Chamberlain's crusade hardly shook it. The Liberal triumph of 1906 may have seemed a set-back to Imperialism, but, in fact, it had little effect. The German menace made many Liberals Big Navyites and the War resulted in a display of the unexpected powers of the State. Prices were controlled, the habits of every subject regulated, the person of every citizen was at the disposal of the State, and imports and exports were enlarged or curtailed at pleasure. After the Armistice, as in the case of the United States after the war of the 'sixties, some War duties were retained, though the process was nothing like so thorough. At the same time Safeguarding and Colonial Preference came to the front.

Undoubtedly, since the War the political situation has been confused. The pendulum has appeared to swing, but, in truth, the *Zeit-Geist* has pursued a steady course. Every idol of liberalism has been slighted. The Parliamentary Debates are hardly reported. Power is divided between a few in the Cabinet and the Departments. Ministers from time to time announce imperturbably that they have taken vital decisions without consulting Parliament. Act after Act gives power to Ministers to make law at pleasure. The enormous mountains of taxation, for the alleged necessities of social service, also tend to destroy the power of Parliament, for the Budget has to find the additional scores of millions, and the members of Parliament have merely to register the Government appropriations.

Such influence as survives in Socialism is plainly repugnant to any kind of Free Trade. Economists have long pointed out that it is impossible to continue to protect labour without protecting the products of labour. We give minimum wages, free education, and short hours. But can we sell the goods produced by this protected class in competition with countries who have no such restrictions? The United States has far higher wages and a far more extravagant mode of life for its wage-earners, but this is behind a high tariff wall. Apart from

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any trend of thought, the mere iron law of necessity will force upon us a system of Protection.

The Mosley Manifesto, in promising stable food prices and the other bounties of its mock millennium, must contemplate high tariffs or its framers are merely talking wildly and at random. The failure of the Colonial Conference marks the bankruptcy of the old economics. As is often the case, obsolete modes of thought linger in Cabinets when the breeze of public opinion has destroyed them out of doors. And the shock to public opinion, when the unemployed are counted by millions and our national existence depends upon extended markets—the shock of seeing the Colonial Prime Ministers asking and promising bread and receiving a stone, will precipitate our policy in the direction that is indicated.

We see, then, that the thought which shapes policy flows for, perhaps, generations in one direction, and then, imperceptibly, turns and flows elsewhere. For many years all the best opinion dwelt on the abuses of the past and purposed to cast off the restraints which were impeding human energy. Battles and sieges, inventions and discoveries, political convulsions, all had their effect but all were weaker than the *Zeit-Geist*. Napoleon might be crowned Emperor, he might be defeated at Waterloo, we might have the Six Acts or the Reform Bill, great nations might spring up in the West, but all this time liberalism was in the ascendant.

Nothing fails like success, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton and others have remarked. No sooner had liberalism triumphed, in fact, in England, and in theory elsewhere, than it began to decay. How or why is hard to see; at least for contemporaries. The Oxford Movement was a counter force. Newman declared that the aim of his life was to oppose liberalism. The Ruskins, Carlyles, Kingsleys, and Froudes had their effect. The anti-materialist philosophy, which was introduced into England by the sturdiest of Liberals, T. H. Green, was a very potent force. Kantism and Hegelianism assort ill with Benthamism, which was the Holy Writ of Liberalism. "I think Benthamism a more beggarly creed than Mahommedanism," cried Carlyle. It was obvious that the abolition of the Income Tax, a Free Breakfast Table,

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and One Man One Vote, did not constitute a creed for heroes. There must be vision. No doubt there was vision in the early days of liberalism. A poet might rise to enthusiasm at the prospect of every man in every land working at his appropriate task, each supplying the need of the other, and all goods and services flowing backwards and forwards where they were needed. "The world's great age begins anew"; the machinations of tyrants and priests fall away. But the vision fades. Man may be free to starve, to be poisoned by smoke, to see beauty reduced to ashes. A vision of a Government which is not a mere policeman and tax collector but a benevolent protector of its people, leading, guiding, and enriching them—this is equally to be admired. Most Latin nations are now groping after such an ideal.

England is among all States the most stable and the least prone to be dominated by ideology. But she responds like other nations to the voice of Wisdom crying in the streets. In economics, it is unthinkable that she will continue to live on the past, to use the bows and arrows of primitive times against rivals who have every modern weapon. We have applied absurd methods to India, our Dominions are slighted by being offered worn-out shibboleths. The time has come for a man of wide imagination to begin to construct a fresh policy, an organic, not a mechanical policy, which will be acceptable to the various units of Empire, which will bring strength and prosperity to the whole.

Beyond the Fortunate Islands*

Romance and the Historic Sense

By Arthur Caspersz

*Geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures filled their gaps ;
And o'er unhabitable downs
Placed elephants for want of towns.*

—SWIFT.

FEW of us, reading in the *Times* of July 15, 1929, that the Bank of British West Africa had closed its branches at Rabat-Salé and Mogador, owing no doubt to active French preoccupation, would realize that Rabat-Salé was the place of Robinson Crusoe's captivity and the site of Hanno, the Carthaginian's, first colony, and that Mogador is probably one of his five other colonies. His voyage of 5,000 miles becomes one of exploration half-way, from a little island called Arguin, whence he made two attempts, the second reaching beyond Sierra Leone. The story is full of romance, but the identification of each point convinces you of its reality. Crusoe's voyage covers part of the same coast, and Defoe makes you believe it is all true. The experiences of the two explorers, separated by that vast abysm of 2,200 years are remarkably similar—yet one is Reality, the other Romance.

The lure of Herodotus took two archæologists down that coast long after the Portuguese rediscovered it. Giovanni Baltista Belzoni, whose medallion hangs in the Soane Museum, who brought the colossal bust of Rameses II to the British Museum, and gave the " Egyptian Hall " to Piccadilly, died obscurely in 1823 near Benin. Doubtless he wanted to find the Gold Coast of Herodotus, whom he read continually. And in the *Times* of March 21 appears a letter found on the desk of Professor E. H. L. Schwarz after his death at St. Louis in French Senegal on December 19, 1928, claiming to have solved the problem of the colonies planted by Hanno. This explorer, passing along the Bay of Tanit (the Phœnician " Astarte ") says in that last letter that the Carthaginians desired " to trade with the natives who, according to Herodotus, brought gold

* See *To the Fortunate Islands*.—ENGLISH REVIEW, April, 1929.

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from Galam, which was exchanged for perfumes, Attic vases, and carnelian beads."

Whittier says that "Tradition wears a snowy beard but Romance is always young." The modern traveller who visits some of these places, as the writer did, on a "cruise," may regard both Hanno and Crusoe as romantic fables superseded by our glorious gains, inclining to treat them as Kipling treated his sea-serpent. If you tell the story as a lie, you will be read with amused toleration, but if you seriously attempt to show what Hanno and Crusoe actually did, you are confronted with the superior comforts of a Canadian Pacific Cruise. But the historic sense revises our sense of Truth and purges Romance of its baser elements. In this way History is being reconstructed.

Before I venture to tell about Hanno, may I remind you of Defoe's hero, imaginary, no doubt, but a true presentment of the seventeenth-century pioneers who ran the gauntlet of Moorish corsairs and started the slave-trade with the Americas?

Born in 1632, he goes on a ship bound for London at Hull in September 1651, but encountering heavy weather in Yarmouth Roads, they escape in a boat to Cromer. Ashamed to go back to Father, he embarks on a Guinea trader at London with £40 worth of "toys and trifles," which bring him £300 worth of gold dust in Guinea. A second venture lands him, captive to a *Sallee* rover, at Rabat-Salé, whence he escapes with boy Xury, and after killing a monstrous great lion, sighting, as he thinks, the Peak of Teneriffe, and doing "silent barter" for food with natives who were "quite black and stark naked," he fares on towards the Cape de Verde islands, carried by the trade wind till a Portuguese slave trader picks him up and takes him to All Saints Bay in the Brazils. His further adventures you may remember and perhaps read again.

This is all Romance, but Defoe was a true observer, who, after an active political and literary life, found time to put together a real presentment of the mercantile life of his day, "in fairy fiction dressed," coloured by his religious convictions, but appealing to the sense of truth which underlies all true Romance.

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The Greeks took a more direct way, and a Phœnician voyage expressed in Greek aims only at stating what actually happened and appeals to our sense of truth.

Bronze or marble tablets were commonly used, and Polybius* who wrote when Carthage had fallen, says:—"The fact is, I myself found on Lacinium a bronze tablet which Hannibal himself had caused to be inscribed when he was in Italy; and, holding it to be an entirely trustworthy authority for such facts, I did not hesitate to follow it." This tablet may have been in the Phœnician script or in Greek, which was then asserting its claim to be the universal common language of the Mediterranean. Hanno's "Periplus" has come down to us in Greek. The original text,† terse and dramatic, is not known to the general reader, but if once he starts on it, even in a translation, his attention will be arrested by a good story. Here it is:—

The Circumnavigation of Hanno, Basileus of the Carthaginians, beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the parts of Libya, which he set up in the shrine of Kronos,‡ showing these things:—

"(a) It seemed good to the Carthaginians that Hanno should voyage beyond the Pillars of Hercules and found cities of Libyo-Phœnicians; so he took sixty penteconters§ and 30,000 men and women with corn and other settlers' effects. (b) Passing the Pillars, we coasted along for two days and founded the first city which we named Thymiaterion;|| there is a great Plain there. (c) Then proceeding westward we came to Solois,¶ a promontory of Libya, densely wooded. (d) After founding there a temple of Poseidon** we fared forth half a day towards the rising sun and came upon a lake†† full of

* Polybius, iii, 33. He thinks (iii, 37) that the parts along the outer sea have only recently been discovered.

† See Müller's "Geographia, Graeci Minores," 1855 and Bunbury's "History of Ancient Geography," 1879, but the former has Latin notes, and the latter is out of print.

‡ At Carthage.

§ These would be war-ships; the settlers would go in convoys.

|| The Semitic or Arabic "dumathir" (a plain) naturally goes into the Greek a rare word meaning a "censer." This is Robinson Crusoe's country, and the natural site for a settlement at this distance from the Straits would be Rabat-Salé or Mehidiya, a few miles north. This "plain" is becoming a great market garden now.

¶ Solois, Semitic "rock," is Cape Blanc, dangerous for navigators.

** This deity smiled upon their venture, but did not take them across the Atlantic. Nevertheless Carthaginian coins have been found in the Azores, and Himilco's voyage recorded in fabulous verse long after suggests the Saragossa Sea. If they went round Africa, why not the Canaries?

†† Marja Rased Boura.

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great reeds inhabited by elephants and all sorts of wild creatures.

(e) Passing by that Lake a full day's journey we settled cities *on the sea*,* Karikonteichos, Guttee, Akra, Melitta and Arambys. (f) And starting again we came upon the great river Lixus† flowing out of Libya, where dwell the nomad folk of that name, with whom we abode some time making friends of them. (g) Inland from these are unfriendly Aethiopians inhabiting a wild country of great mountains, out of which they say the Lixus flows, and round the hills, so the people of Lixus tell us, there dwell men of strange shapes, Cave Dwellers, who run swifter than horses. (h) Taking interpreters‡ from here, we coasted along the Desert two days southward, and another day towards the rising sun. There we found in a creek of a certain gulf a little island having a circuit of five stades (1,000 yards) where we made a settlement, calling it Kerné,§ and we made out this place to be directly opposite Carthage, for our voyage from Carthage to the Pillars and thence to this place was similar (in duration).|| (i) Thence we came to a salt-water lake through a large river, Chretis¶....The latter has three islands greater than Kerné, and so in half a day we explored the innermost recess of that lake, overhung by high hills, full of savage men clad in skins of wild beasts, who drove us away by hurling stones, and barred our landing. (j) Sailing thence we came to a great wide river,** which was full of crocodiles and hippopotami. And so we turned round and came back to Kerné.††

"(k) Thence we sailed south twelve days, keeping close to the shore, which is inhabited by Aethiopians, who did not await our approach. Their language was unintelligible to us and to the Lixian interpreters. (l) On the last day we came to anchor by great shaggy mountains,‡‡ the trees of which are sweet-smelling and of various

* These places have always been attributed to the African coast. "Guttee" may be Mogador and "Akra" Agadir, but the others baffle identification. "Arambys" means the mountain of grapes, which seems appropriate to the Canary wine we know so well. The important words are "*on the sea*."

† Hasi-ben-haida on the River W. Draia now shown on the maps as dried up.

‡ This place would be 100 miles from the Canaries, but the Channel at Cap Jubi farther south is about 50. Robinson Crusoe is aware of the islands, and fancies he sees Teneriffe, but "stands along the coast to that part where the English traded." The interpreters would surely tell Hanno about the islands. Perhaps he knew already.

§ Kerné is "Arguin."

|| The distances do not correspond but currents may account for that.

¶ Passing along the Bay of Tanit, they find the Rio S. Jean and three islands. "The whole coastal belt here," says Prof. Schwarz, "is now a dreadful waste of salt-pans . . . formerly the coast was more favourable for habitation."

** The Senegal River, where S. Louis now is, which has its railways to the Upper Niger. Prof. Schwarz died there.

†† After this comes the second expedition which reaches Sherboro' Island, south of Sierra Leone.

‡‡ Cap de Verde, where is now Dakar, a wonderful French city with immense export trade in ground-nuts for soap and margarine.

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kinds. (m) Sailing round for two days we found ourselves in a sea gulf of great size* on the far side of which landwards was a plain, whence we at night saw fire flowing at intervals sometimes more sometimes less. (n) Taking in a stock of fresh water we sailed five days onwards till we came to a great gulf,† which the interpreters said is called the 'Horns of Hesperus'‡. In this was a large island and therein a lake fed by the sea, and in the lake another island,§ where we landed in daytime and saw nothing but forest, but at night many fires were burning and we heard the sound of flutes and cymbals and the beating of drums and cries of innumerable people. Fear then seized us and the soothsayers exhorted us to leave that island.|| (o) Quickly sailing out we came alongside a red-hot country¶ full of immense burnings, and great fiery torrents poured from it into the sea; the land was unapproachable on account of the heat. (p) Quickly then in fear we sailed away and, being carried along four days, we had in full view at night a land of flames, and in the midst thereof a fire of enormous height touching, so it seemed, the stars. This mountain by day seemed even greater; it is called 'The Chariot (or Throne) of the gods.' (q) On the third day, sailing along by fiery torrents we came to a gulf called the Southern Horn.** In the recess was an island similar to the first, and in the island a lake, and in that another island†† full of wild men, but the women more numerous with hairy bodies. The interpreters called them 'Gorillas.' Pursuing the men we were not able to capture any, for all escaped, climbing steep places and throwing stones, but three of the women, who bit and scratched, and would not follow those leading them, we killed and skinned and brought their skins to Carthage. We did not sail any further since our supply of corn was giving out."

This story, if it ever reached Roman ears, was treated as a "Phœnician lie." It conceals, for mercantile reasons of secrecy, the rich Canaries, which later became the "Isles of the Blest." Greek enterprise had been definitely blocked before the time of Herodotus. He knows that the coast of Africa extends

* This is Gambia, and at the river's mouth, Bathurst. British territory extends eastward on both sides of the river.

† Portuguese Guinea and the Binagos Archipelago.

‡ Isle de Orango, where Hanno landed, and Rio Grande river.

§ Hanno contented himself with landing there. The position is clearly identifiable.

|| The syncopated orchestra was too much for them and so worked upon their imagination that they took the forest fires to be manifestations of the Powers of Evil. But they meant to trade nevertheless.

¶ On a "cruise" you will find the heat increase intensely as you go south. The description would deter other explorers.

** We are now south of familiar Freetown approaching Sherboro' Island.

†† The old navigators preferred a small island. It is there, between Macaulay and Sherboro' Island.

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beyond the Pillars,* describes Atlas as very taper and round—a half-told Phœnician tale, no doubt, of the Peak of Teneriffe;† the natives have no dreams but the cave-dwellers feed on serpents, and their language is like the screeching of bats;‡ but the Carthaginians unload their wares, make a smoke, and come back to pick up the gold,§ which is exactly what Robinson Crusoe did when he wanted food. Herodotus is on surer ground when he tells of the Phocæans and Arganthonius of Tartessus and of the voyage of Colæus about 630 B.C., who made great profit, but the Greeks were then beaten back to Marseilles, southern Italy, and Sicily, and the Treaties between the African Power, the Etruscans, and Rome, debar the latter from the golden west.

This appears clearly from another seaman's chart which was called after "Scylax." This comes 200 years after the Father of History, when Antigonids and Seleucids and Ptolemies were wasting Alexander's Legacy by suicidal conflict, though they might have altered the course of history by combining against Rome, the Consolidator. This old chart creeps along the Mediterranean shores, becoming more accurate eastwards, but merely states that Carthage has many trading stations on the Spanish shore where shallows and the inrush of the 'Atlantic' tide and its vast sea expanse make the approach of laden ships difficult.||

Strabo (63 B.C.—A.D. 23), describing the inhabited world for intelligent readers, did not visit Spain, but tells us much about its mercantile activities. He refers to the "Isles of the Blest" as a fancy picture of Homer¶ "a man of many voices," but Plutarch knew better when a few years later he tells of Sertorius, who unwillingly tore himself away from those pleasant shores. Strabo plainly says the Phœnicians were very numerous and extremely busy. Did Carthaginian merchants

* Herod, iv, 185.

† *Ib*, iv, 184.

‡ *Ib*, iv, 183.

§ *Ib*, iv, 196.

|| See Text in Müller (as above) Section I. Section 112 seems to echo travellers' tales about the African shore.

¶ Strabo, iii, 2, 12.

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cease to trade when Carthage fell? He recognizes the great maritime achievements of this commercial nation. Everybody has become Roman. There is a dense population exceeded in cities only by Rome and Padua. "Here live the men who fit out the most and largest ships; indeed, they live mostly on the sea."* But the inhabited world comes to an end at Cape St. Vincent. The sun falls "sizzling" into the sea with a noise. The "Pillars" story is a Phœnician lie, and the old Romance vanishes, replaced by the profitable necessity of supplying Rome with metals and other mercantile commodities. But Phœnician place-names, "Setubal" on the way to Lisbon (Olypso), and "Toledo," with its Semitic-named villages, survive to our day, and the Bay of "Tanit" finds a place in our maps. Neither Strabo nor Plutarch, nor Pausanias, nor Appian knew about Hanno. Himilco's contemporary voyage survives only in the unreliable poetry of a late Latin writer. Horace expressed the educated view when he wrote: "Sidonian sailors never turned their prows thither."† Rome ignored, yet took the benefit of, what previous civilizations had done—Mediterranean Africa enjoyed the Roman Peace; the rest was a Dark Continent.

But when the Goth and Vandal had ruined Rome, leaving Gaul to carry on the torch of continuous civilization and nurse our modern nations into being, another civilizing influence, that of the Moslem-Arabians, came into Western Africa between the eighth and fifteenth centuries, and amalgamating with the Berbers, built up the "Empire of Two Shores." Breaking away when the Khalifate of Cordova declined, nomadic Berbers founded Marakesh (hence Morocco), Ghana, and Timbuctoo (by no means ridiculous) in the eleventh century. From the literature of the Arabs we begin to learn of their high enlightenment at the close of the fifteenth century, when the Portuguese made their first voyages, starting where Hanno had left off. But the religion of Islam was one of conquest. The Crusaders gave it the "countercheck quarrelsome," incidentally mining their own bulwark, Constantinople. Spain

* Strabo III, *passim*.

† Epod xvi, 59.

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suppressed or expelled the Moslem. Debarred from wholesome contact with the rest of the world he responded with a chain of private naval bases from Algiers to Agadir (hence the woes of poor Crusoe), which existed till about a little more than a century ago.

The real exploration of Africa, begun afresh by pioneers like Mungo Park (1795) and Richard Lander (1830), who traced the Niger from near its sources to the sea, coincides with the movement to liberate the slaves which took shape in Sierra Leone—a failure from which missionaries have learnt much. Livingstone began his great work in 1840, dying in 1873.

Swift, anticipating Mr. Bernard Shaw's sarcastic truthfulness, wrote his "Gulliver's Travels" and ridiculed the maps of Darkest Africa, but railways, the motor-car and the bicycle have swept away that sort of Romance. We are getting soap and margarine and many other things from West Africa, and are advising missionaries to work with the anthropological instinct and to discard Church Histories.

Now what does all this mean in our self-determined modern society? We are slaves to organization into which has crept the pernicious system of "cells," which capture the directing power and attempt to rule for unworthy ends. Like the Old Oligarch of Pericles' time, we confess Democracy our master. He says this: "The license allowed to slaves and aliens at Athens is extreme, and a blow is forbidden there, nor will a slave make way for you. . . . The slaves, that is, some of them, live luxuriously and magnificently. . . . I say, then, that the commons at Athens realize which are good citizens and which worthless. With this knowledge they favour those who are friendly and useful to them, even if they are worthless; whereas they hate rather the good citizens. . . . The type of the constitution of the Athenians I do not approve, but as they saw fit to be a democracy, in my opinion they preserve their democracy well by employing the means I have pointed out."* This is *laissez-faire*, a sort of debased Conservatism.

* "The Old Oligarch," translated by J. A. Petch. I, 10, 11; II, 19; III, 1.

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But Aristotle, writing at the time of Alexander's triumphant expansion eastwards, applies the historic sense to Carthage, which was still a great Power expanding westwards, as follows: "They successfully escape the evils of Oligarchy by their wealth, which enables them to send out some portion of the people to their colonies. This is their panacea and the means by which they give stability to the State. . . . Their policy is from time to time to send some of them into their dependent towns, where they grow rich. It is also worthy of a generous and sensible nobility to divide the poor among them and give them the means of going to work."*

Professor Gilbert Murray said the other day that we are carried away by "the random rush of momentary desires," and Mr. Noyes tells us "that the first object of the pseudo-modern is to wipe out the Past, but that the whole of the Past will be needed." This paper is a humble attempt to show how the Historic Sense applied to materials intractable and obscured by nebulous Romance may present, in the Greek way, things as they really happened. The day of imaginary republics and Isles of Wealth has gone down in disillusionment, and the whole of the Past will be needed to get at the real values of life. We have to feel our way along new Continents of experience like Hanno, but he had no compass. Ours is the Historic Sense.

* Politics, II, 11, 15; VI, 5, 10; Jowett's Translation.

The Forest Sense

By E. M. Martin

THE forest sense was deep-rooted in the heart of man when first he made him cities to dwell in, and about all our huddle of crowded life this ideal of the old builders yet clings. Watch a street or square in the making when the light has faded into a dimness of visibility that magnifies near things while adding to them the illusion of distance. The tall poles will almost trick your eye into seeing a winter wood whose outstanding branches have been torn away by riotous winds, and will bring back the memory of an earlier England where trees grew thick as weeds about the scattered homesteads and untilled fields. Even to-day in some of the older towns it is possible to recapture something of the forest fancy and the forest mystery; blind alleys and twisted streets hold the gloom as the glades and corners do in a seldom-trodden wood, while the suggestion of life behind closed doors is akin to that same uneasy silence that tells in the forest of dumb watchers of whose presence we are but vaguely aware, until the stirring of an unwary hoof among the dense undergrowth betrays their hiding place.

There are people who find themselves more nearly in touch with the world of shadows in the town than in the country; who rub shoulders with the remote, the unseen, the scarce believable in busy streets, and come face to face with mystery in the roar and traffic of great thoroughfares. By some uncanny instinct they are made conscious of a past life that is not wholly dead, and solitude, as the ordinary man understands it, is unknown to them, for they keep pace with strange fellow-travellers as though from the very hour of birth they had been given the freedom of buried and forgotten cities. Tongue-tied singers whose rondels and lyrics will go down with them into silence, all have what, for want of a better word, may be called the forest sense; they find in cities that same suggestion of baffling magic the least imaginative of men will find in the great tropical woodlands—something that recalls the unreasoned fear of a little child who waking in the night sees the furniture in his nursery has grown suddenly alive and menacing.

Not every old town can give this forest sense. There are towns, beautiful, romantic, fateful, whose every

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street is a page torn from history, yet the ghosts of trees will not linger there nor make their presence known. Before the housebreakers were turned loose to enlarge her borders there could still be found in London dim courts and narrow entries, the very counterpart of forest tangles, that gave an impression of absolute solitude no suddenly opened door or lighted window could wholly dispel. But London is losing her ghosts, and so are many of the beautiful old towns in the west country; soon both the ghosts and the beauty will be but a memory kept alive for curious readers in half-forgotten books. In a town that holds pride of place in the record of England's fighting days, I came upon a dark, narrow passage and found at the far end of this gutter-like opening a derelict book-shop, just such a dusty, neglected place as that house in Angoulême where Jerome-Nicolas Séchard had his printing press and, in the days of the Terror with nobles and abbés for workmen, set up the Decrees of the Republic. For here, too, the leaning houses all but touched overhead in this sunless backwater that lay beyond the stir and bustle of the market square; here, too, beams crumbling with time framed the old windows, and three worn steps led down into a dark, low-ceilinged shop where a grave-eyed man who looked as old as his books gave me a dignified welcome. In this house he had lived all the length of his days; had grown from boyhood to manhood under the shadow of those heavy beams, his only playfellows, companions and friends being the weathered volumes and yellowing pamphlets with which the room was filled. From floor to ceiling they rose in uneven piles, dark and dense as woodland undergrowth, but the best, he said, were gone, and there was not much left that was worth looking at; when all the stock was sold, it would be time for him to be going, too. Turning over the pages of some of the books, I thought he was counting on an over-long lease of life, for even at the cost of the few pence asked for them they were hardly worth carrying away; their appeal had been made to a bygone generation, and to-day they spoke to indifferent ears. He showed me a folio, "Foxe's Book of Martyrs"—"the best thing I have left"—and begged me to take it. I would have liked to do the old man a pleasure, but for a wanderer, leather-tooled folios were forbidden fruit. Instead I bought a

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Chaucer, severely printed in double columns with many sage omissions defended by the editor on the ground of the "popular character" of the volume; bound up with it was a similarly truncated copy of Spenser's "Faerie Queen." Possibly as a protest against this mutilation of the text the binder had reversed the cover—so that the book must either stand upside down on the shelf or be turned right about when opened. I have that Chaucer still, having kept it for the sake of the man who sold it to me.

There was something of the woodman about him, and his piles of musty books and dingy pamphlets were somehow reminiscent of the mounds of rain-soaked leaves and hewn branches in a newly-made forest clearing where one autumn day I had met with his very marrow. Though the one man had lived all his life within four walls and the other in the open, each was in his own way a philosopher, taking life as he found it and making the best of it; each loved his work and would not have left it for all the gold of Tarshish; each was by nature a solitary, who found in loneliness a strange contentment. In my memory of them they hang side by side as two portraits of the same man, and it would be as impossible to disentangle them into separate personalities as it was for the good people of Ephesus to distinguish between the two Dromios or their two masters.

Woods may be our natural home, but there are many people who would rather tramp for miles along a high road than adventure among the silence and elusive mystery of a multitude of trees, even though they might be puzzled to give a reason for the fear that is as real as it is indeterminate. For whether consciously or unconsciously, the half of life with most of us is spent in trying to explain away those secret hidden feelings that, though we challenge their very existence, threaten us as the overlords of our conduct and actions, and when men made offerings to the gods, too often bloody offerings, they were all unwittingly making sacrifices to the selves they neither knew nor understood, those "bedfellows" of whom the old poet made his plaint. And still the ancient worship persists, though often in a strange dress and an uncouth setting. It was on a tree-topped hill in a desolate land that W. H. Hudson came upon enchanted ground, where in the profound silence "thought was

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impossible," and his mind "transformed itself from a thinking machine into a machine for some other unknown purpose." He tells us that "a form of tree worship is still found existing among a few of the inhabitants in some of the small rustic villages in out-of-the-world districts in England . . . something living which has a meaning for the mind, a survival such as our anthropologists go to the ends of the earth to seek among barbarous and savage tribes."

I once stumbled upon just such an honest belief when tramping through an unfamiliar tract of country. It was mid-October, following an unusually dry summer, the leaves had hardly begun to turn, and seen from this edge of open highland, the forest wore a sombre, unfriendly air all unlike its usual careless welcome to every chance comer. A man was driving a heavily-loaded cart along the narrow way, and I asked him which turn would bring me to one of the forest farms. He pointed with his whip to a break in the trees; then getting down from the cart on the pretence of readjusting the harness, said in a half whisper, "you'd better not go there; if you walk on half a mile you'll find another path." But why not take the nearest way? He would give no answer, but at last muttered as though the words were dragged out of him against his will—"It's a wicked wood and that's why," and springing up into the cart drove off at the best pace his horse could make.

"A wicked wood." He had been ashamed to say it, and only some innate kindness or vague idea of duty had forced his unwilling tongue to speech, as now he had gone, eager curiosity drew me towards the forbidden way. And like most forbidden ways there seemed at first nothing to mark it as set apart from any other wood or to warn unwary travellers that this was unholy ground. The trees were more widely spaced, the brushwood less dense than in many of the forest reaches, and in the far distance I could see little dells and hollows that held a blue haze like smoke from cunningly hidden fires. But I had not gone far along that mossy uneven path when all at once the trees that until now had suggested an almost conscious air of waiting became suddenly intensely alive and hostile. By some subtle yet inexplicable telepathy they made me feel that I was an intruder who had broken in upon some mystical rite, or rather whose unlooked-

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for presence was delaying it; and they were resentful and menacing as though they could and would compel me to yield to their will and leave them to these shadows where some spirit of long-forgotten evil was lying in wait to watch the tree ritual—a human sacrifice to be mocked at by an unhuman voiceless counterfeit of pity.

It is seldom if ever possible to impress upon another mind the absolute assurance we have had of spiritual presences that have not made themselves manifest to our eyes or to our ears, yet these experiences are often of deeper import and stay longer in the memory than the more tangible adventures of the body. It was no fear of shadows, but of something living, something real, that drove me back that day to the wholesome comfort of the open road. Nor should it be reckoned as cowardice; did not Eliphaz the Temanite feel the hair of his flesh stand up when the spirit passed before him? So must every thinking man who is called upon to face a world whose very existence he has many a time denied. I have often wondered since what the carter really knew that prompted his warning; but I never saw him again, nor, for all my cautious questioning, could I learn any more as to the secret of the wicked wood.

Long ago a shepherd of the grapeland, some homely Pierre or Jean, made for his Madeleine a song that holds the forest sense, and the tale it tells, though old as the hills that gave back the echo of his pipes, is fresh as the turf on which his flocks were grazing. It is the countryman's story who sees in the far distance the great town as the devil's citadel, and he sings of its dangers in a half bantering tone, knowing that the woman's heart has gone there before her and nothing he can say will hold her captive to the dull safety of familiar fields. Yet he sings of the wolves who hide in the woods to watch the flocks feeding on the plains and to lie in wait for them until they go in search of fresh pasture; when he has let the picture of the silly sheep and the cunning wolves sink well into her mind, he pipes the moral:—

T'es mon agneau, ma reine
Les grand's vill's c'est les bos
Par ainsi donc, Mad'leine
N' t'en va du hameau.

Madeleine is the lamb he would save, the dark woods are

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the great towns, and from the significant ending we know that, had she a mind, she could give a name to these wolves as well as he. It may be she heeded his warning, and stayed on in the village to be the mother of his children and to live out her life between the hedgerows and the fireside. Or it may be she did not heed, but went to the great city and lived there long enough to learn yet another song—the song Villon made, but that was known long before to every woman who had left a kindly shepherd for hungry wolves.

These rainbow legends, dusty with time, will not bear too close a scrutiny, and when somewhere back in the last century the song of Madeleine, joined to a jaunting air, was sung in Paris on the stage of a great theatre, men say all the beauty of the words was lost; they needed the setting of their own hedgerows and the simple lilt of the shepherd's pipe. The mistrust of the country for the town still persists, being rooted deeper than the easy contempt of the town for the country, but will the forest sense be strong enough to hold out against the new conditions of life—the steel houses, the high circular buildings that are but a mocking travesty of the "topless towers of Ilium," the enforced community of existence that would clip fine the uneven edges of individuality? Or will it simply fade away, meaning nothing to the men who ride the air and know the uttermost parts of a narrowing world? For our outlook has changed, and though seemingly widened, has lost the illusion of illimitable distance that called stout-hearted adventurers to set sail across uncharted seas. We are more alive to the beauty to be found in small things than our fathers were. We have grown doubtful of the "giant race before the flood," intolerant of towering genius, and have learned to take our measure from the lesser men. The idols of the old world were of mighty stature, compelling worship; a thousand ruins are left to tell the tale of their greatness, pomp and magnificence; our idols, if exquisite, are minute, something we can carry in our hands—admire, criticize, but seldom worship.

It may be the forest sense was a part of the larger outlook, a memory of the time when the oak spread thick about the land. To-day we are thinning our woods and planting trees of easier growth.

The Vanishing Trick

By Charles Davy

I AM a conjuror—out of work. I shall have to get back to it, because it's my living. But not at once. My hand isn't steady yet.

Most of my jobs are private—smoking concerts, bazaars, parties, and so on. I'm pretty good with cards and I don't mind working under people's noses. In the summer I generally fix up with a concert party, round the seaside towns. I can take a turn in a chorus—had to learn how, for that. It's a change from town work and keeps you going through August.

Well, I'm not working now because of a chance meeting and what happened afterwards. I know what I saw and I know I wasn't dreaming. Anyway, a conjuror doesn't believe in such things—much.

My bad luck started when I got a job at a church bazaar at Hastings. I was due at the hall early in the afternoon; so I went down in the morning and took a walk along the promenade—I'm fond of the sea. I knew I'd want a bit of food before the show; I looked out for a place, and presently I saw a little hotel—"open to non-residents." I thought that would suit me because I like my meals quiet, and sure enough there were only three other people there and they'd started ahead of me. A funny little waiter was running round, and as soon as I saw him, I knew I'd seen him before—where, I couldn't think. I fancied he knew me, too, but he didn't want to show it. So I sat wondering—and then I remembered.

It had been while I was up on the East Coast, the summer before. I was with a concert party, a good one. We had the pier pavilion at Birling for a fortnight, changing the programme, of course, a bit every day. I was working a vanishing trick, among others. Just the usual thing—vanishing a girl from a box and finding her in a cabinet. Vanishing tricks are always popular—I used to do it at almost every performance. I'd picked up the box second-hand. It was old-fashioned, but it was simple and fairly quick. It never let me down.

Well, one morning I'd gone to the pavilion for letters. Afterwards I was standing on the pier, watching some old fellows fishing, when a little middle-aged man came and stood beside me. I thought I'd seen him in the audience a few nights before, but I wasn't sure. After

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a bit he said: "You're the conjuror, aren't you? I saw your performance. I hope you don't mind my speaking to you?"

He seemed nervous, so I said no, I didn't mind; what did he want? Anything I could do for him?

"Yes," he said, "I had an idea. Now that box trick of yours—when you vanish the girl—that's a good one." He looked at me—a quick sort of anxious look. "But it's got a weak spot, hasn't it?"

I thought he was going to tell me how it was done. There's always someone in every audience who knows all the tricks better than you do. So to humour him I just said, "Oh, what's that?"

"You use a confederate," he said. "That spoils it. Now, this is my idea. Why don't you get someone from the audience and vanish *him*?"

This was a new one to me. I'd never thought of it—never heard of anyone trying it. How easy d'you think it'd be to get someone to step on the stage and lie down in a box? Besides, those boxes aren't automatic—only I wasn't going to say so, straight off.

"All right," I said, "but who'd come? No chance of it."

"I'd come," he said. "Why not take me on—show me how to do it? I don't look like a confederate, do I?"

He was right there. He was short, perhaps fifty, with a drooping moustache and blinking eyes—the kind of man you might find behind the counter of a little shop of his own. No one'd ever think he was part of the show.

"What's the idea?" I said. "Want to see how it's done?"

"No," he said. "Never mind that. I just want a chance to do it. I'm small—you want a small man, don't you?"

"He'd have to be pretty small," I said. I began to see points in the idea. A bit of novelty always goes down well. I knew there was nobody in the pavilion just then. "Look here," I said, "if you're serious, we'll have a rehearsal. I don't mind trying it—but you wouldn't get anything for it, you know. Wouldn't be worth my while."

He shook his head. I could see he was absolutely set on the idea. Probably hadn't ever thought I'd agree.

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"I don't want anything," he said. "It's just my fancy. You show me now, can you? It won't take long, will it?"

Well, to cut the story short, I took him inside, got the box out and showed him how it worked. He just had to press a catch and slip down under the stage, through a trap. Then he had to go round and work the false door of the cabinet, from the back. It was simple enough, and he was quick at it, too.

"That's all right," he said, when he'd done it twice. "I'll be here on Tuesday. I've promised to bring the wife. I'll get a seat at the end of a row. You ask for someone to step up and then look at me, see? Make it easy for me."

I still didn't know what he was getting at, but I agreed. I thought very likely he wouldn't be there after all, when it came to the point. Anyway, I thought, I'd look out for him, and if he wasn't there, I'd do the trick in the ordinary way. I didn't see that much harm could come from trying it.

As soon as I'd agreed, he scuttled off. Seemed to be in a hurry. I stayed on the pier a bit, watching the fishing and wondering what he was up to. By the time I went home I was beginning to feel sorry I'd ever listened to him.

However, Tuesday night came and there he was in the front row with a big, powerful-looking woman, red-faced, next to him. He caught my eye but gave no sign. At length I brought out the box trick, almost meaning to do it in the usual way. But I'd promised him. So I went to the front of the stage and worked a bit of patter—about anyone who wanted to make himself scarce, and so on. I looked at my little man—he was out of his seat like a knife. I thought the woman next to him—his wife, I supposed—was mighty surprised, but she didn't say anything. Perhaps she was too surprised. She just stared, very red in the face.

Well, I could see there were people in the audience who knew my little man. That was good for me. Made it seem more natural. I put him in the box, waved the wand, opened the box—and he'd gone all right. The audience clapped, but the red-faced woman didn't clap. She'd shut her mouth very tight, and I thought the little man was going to catch it when he got home.

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Still, that wasn't my affair. He'd asked for it. I did a little business—taking the sides out of the box, tapping them, and so on, to give him time. Then I went to open the cabinet. It was empty. The audience began to laugh—I had to think of something quickly. Fortunately I've learnt how to keep my head—you've got to in conjuring. I shut the cabinet, went to the front of the stage and began to talk about dematerializing—said my assistant had to dematerialize himself in the box and rematerialize in the cabinet, and that needed time. In a minute or two he'd be there all right, I said—not believing it, because I thought he'd lost his nerve. Still, I had to say something. Then I got on quickly to another trick—just an easy one with coloured handkerchiefs—and while I worked I thought out what I should say if the cabinet was empty again.

Well, I had to open it again as soon as I'd finished with the handkerchiefs and, of course, it was still empty. So I signed for someone in the wings to fetch it off and went back to try and put over a yarn about vanishing people too thoroughly. I was just getting the audience to listen when out of the corner of my eye I saw the red-faced woman stand up. I knew she was going to shout at me, and she did—in a hoarse kind of voice, very unpleasant. Wanted to know what I'd done with her husband. Where'd he gone?

I said I wished I knew. Of course, the audience laughed, and when the woman came up and shook her umbrella at me over the footlights, they laughed all the more. Some one called out: "He's gone off with Elsie—oh, Ma!"—but the woman wasn't worrying. She was set on me. While we were arguing and the audience was laughing, the manager came on—told me to get off quick—send on the others for a chorus. I didn't wait. I roused up the others, and I was just going to look for my little man when I met the manager coming round to the back with the woman. She glared at me. The manager said, very sharply: "Where'd he be? Underneath somewhere?"

Well, we looked in every corner—under the stage, in the dressing-rooms—the woman snorting, probing with her umbrella, getting redder and redder. Fortunately the show had got started again all right and it was nearly over, anyway.

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We went out on to the pier—it was a dark, windy night—and looked all round, but there was absolutely no sign of my little man. He really had vanished—clean gone. At last the woman turned on us like a fury—said she was going straight to the police, we'd all be arrested—I don't know what else. Seemed to think we'd done it on purpose. I was glad to see her go marching off down the pier, I can tell you, and just then the lights went on round the pavilion and the audience began to come out.

Next day we had the police, of course—a sergeant, but he didn't stay long, just looked at the trap and asked a few questions. We weren't to blame, really, and he seemed to know something about the woman. We had a couple of reporters, too—wonderful publicity it all was, in the end. The place was packed that afternoon and again at night. The manager wanted us to stay another week, but he couldn't get the bookings altered in time. We had to move on, up the coast to Hunstanton. Even there it did us good. The papers were still running the story; they published the little man's photograph—my photograph. But they didn't find the little man—never a word or a trace of him anywhere. Some people thought he'd jumped into the sea—temporarily insane, you know—only then his body would have been washed up sooner or later, and it never was.

And now, as I sat at lunch, I felt sure I'd found him at last. He was the waiter. He'd cut off his moustache, but I knew I wasn't wrong, particularly after I'd caught him looking at me, in a funny, frightened sort of way, once or twice.

I waited till I'd almost finished and the other people had gone. Then I beckoned to him and said, "Been doing any more vanishing tricks lately?"

He didn't try to deny it. He glanced quickly over his shoulder, then bent down, resting one hand on the table, and said anxiously, "You aren't going to give me away, are you?"

"No," I said, "why should I? What are you doing here?"

"I'm all right here," he said, "if I can stay. I only want to be left alone."

"What happened to you that night?" I asked. "You framed it, I suppose, didn't you, to get away?"

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He nodded. "Yes, I got away. I'm grateful. It was just what I wanted."

"But why all that trouble?" I said. "Why did you have to vanish out of a box?"

He looked round again, to see if the room was empty, I suppose. Then he drew a chair up to my table.

"I couldn't stay with my wife any more," he said. "D'you understand that? Your trick gave me an idea."

"I still don't see it," I said. "Why not just walk out of the house?"

"Ah," he said, gazing at me very seriously, "you're not married, perhaps?"

I admitted that I was not.

"Then you won't know," he said. "My wife wasn't one to give a man much freedom. We had a little business—fancy goods and confectionery. I had to mind the shop and in the evenings I never went out except with her. She had a firm hand—fair got me under. After a time you can't break loose. I don't know why, but you can't. Then I couldn't just walk off in daylight. They all knew me in the town. She'd have been after me too quick. That meant after dark, only I was never out alone in the evening. I thought your trick'd be just right—give me a start. See what I mean?"

He looked up at me, a puzzled kind of look. Didn't seem quite to know what he meant himself, but wanted me to understand it.

"You see, it was that *vanishing*," he said. "That's what I liked—just what I'd wanted, time and again. Never saw how I could do it. Then, when I saw your trick, I thought—if I could do that I'd be all right, out of it, quickly. I'd be away by myself and no questions asked. No questions, that was it."

"Well," I said, to humour him, "what did you do? Slip out of the theatre and run away? You got me into a nice mess, you know."

He nodded, but he didn't seem to hear my last words. I don't suppose he'd ever thought of that side of it. He'd just had his one idea—nothing else.

"Yes," he said, "I knew there'd be no one about on the pier while the show was on. Just a turnstile to get out—they used to lock up the rest. I walked—walked to Yarmouth, all night. Came to London. No

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one had seen me. Got a waiter's job. I'd been a waiter before I was married. Everything was all right—ought to have stayed there."

"Why didn't you?" I said. "How long have you been down here?"

"Month," he said. "It's quiet, you see. I like a quiet place. Only I'm afraid——" He dropped his voice and leant forward over the table—"I'm afraid they're going to get on to me. I saw someone I knew the other day. I'm afraid I did."

Well, I suppose I'd have gone on listening to him, but just then I caught sight of the clock. In half an hour I was due to start my show. I pushed back my chair.

"Here, let's have the bill," I said. "I'm late, talking to you."

He got up but he didn't give me the bill at once. He stood fumbling with his napkin.

"I'd be better in London," he said. "I'm not going back, anyway—not for anything—not even if they find me."

"I don't want you to go back," I said. "What's it to me? I shan't go about saying I've seen you. Let's have the bill—that's what I want."

He glanced at me—he still didn't move.

"You won't?" he said. "No—I was scared when I saw you, but I don't much mind. Anyway, I ——"

I interrupted him, made him fetch the bill—sent him running for it. I hadn't got time to waste. But in a way I was sorry when I'd gone and left him looking after me from the door. I didn't want to scare him. Perhaps if I hadn't been in such a hurry, I might have—but that can't be helped now.

Well, I did my show and a second show again a bit later and caught a train at 7. In the train I thought of my little man. My belief was that he'd be back at Birling soon. To stay hidden for ever—no one can do it, not in this country. Anyway, he wasn't the type. But I felt sorry for him. I remembered that woman.

In London, during the next week, I hadn't much to do—one evening job and one kids' party—it was near Christmas. For Boxing week I was booked—a music-hall down near Putney. I knew the place—always

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going to turn into a cinema, but never did, though they showed pictures on Sunday. It was twice nightly for me, but you have to take what you can get, nowadays.

It was on the Wednesday in that week that it happened—the first house. My act started at 6.50. I had a girl working with me, one I'd often had before—it's worth it, for a week. For the box trick she wore a special rig—used to go and put it on while I showed the box to the audience. On this Wednesday night she'd gone as usual, and when I'd finished showing the box I looked round to see if she was ready. She wasn't there—but in the wings I saw my little man, in his waiter's clothes. He was looking straight at me with a queer kind of intent expression—standing quite still.

I was scared. I couldn't think how he'd got there or what he was doing, particularly in those clothes. I wondered, too, all in the same moment, what had happened to my girl. I felt something had gone wrong and was going to go more wrong if I didn't stop it.

But before I could do anything my little man was walking on to the stage, still staring at me with the same expression. He walked a bit stiffly, somehow—mechanically, almost. I suppose I might have turned him round and pushed him off. But almost anything's better than a scene on the stage, and somehow I couldn't push him off—I don't know why. The way he was walking on made me feel queer. I thought he'd determined to vanish again through my box, and that it wouldn't be easy to stop him. I just felt I'd better be quick. I wanted to get him in and get him vanished before anything happened.

I introduced him to the audience—said what I was going to do and so on, the usual thing. While I was speaking, I felt the audience go quiet—a sort of hush—all of a sudden. I glanced over my shoulder—my little man was still there, but he wasn't looking at me now—he was looking at the box. Then he began to get in of his own accord. I hadn't time to wonder about the audience. I had to attend to the box. I wanted to be sure he got in the right way. He did, but he seemed to fall in, and for a moment I almost thought he really had fallen. It was queer, but I had to get the box shut. A kind of murmur had started in the audience, and I fumbled,

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trying to be quick. As soon as I stood up and turned round, the murmur stopped—dead silence.

I got off a bit of patter, then turned back to the box, and as I turned, I saw out of the corner of my eye my girl assistant standing in the wings—staring at me, pale, I thought. I just motioned to her to stay there. Then I threw the box open—and next moment I was trying to get it shut, as quick as I could. My little man was still there, but he was all crumpled and crushed, his head smashed in—blood dripping out of the box.

After that I don't know quite what happened, except that I was trying to get the box shut because I didn't want the audience to see. I got it shut—then I remember the curtain coming down. The manager of the hall was on the stage and two of the hands were picking up the box to carry it off. I started to say something—"Look out—put it down——" but they paid no attention, and I found myself in the wings, with the next turn starting and the manager telling me I was drunk. Of course, that was silly—you can't do conjuring on drink—but I didn't stop to listen. I wanted the box opened and that thing in it taken away. I went over to the box and opened the top quickly—not the sides. You can believe me or not, but it was empty—clean empty. Not even a spot of blood.

After that I remember sitting down and the manager shaking me by the shoulder. He told me to get out—I was fired. He said it several times, but I didn't care. I just sat there, and after a bit I saw there was quite a crowd staring at me. I looked at the box—it was still empty. How could you explain that? I knew it was no use trying.

I got up and went to my dressing-room and the manager followed me. I only wanted to get out of the theatre, but the manager—he was Jewish—kept saying: "Why you act like that? What you think you do—play the fool by yourself, eh? Spoil my show, eh? What's the big idea?"

Then I saw what he meant and I asked him if he hadn't seen anyone with me on the stage. He stared and began to look a bit frightened, I thought. He said he'd seen no one—absolutely no one—so I knew I'd seen a ghost. I didn't tell him—just went on dressing, and

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after a moment I heard the door shut. I think he'd decided I was mad and didn't like staying with me.

When I was dressed I went out. The manager was there and several others—stage hands and folk from other acts—but no one spoke. They just stared at me. Then I saw my assistant. She looked white. I asked her where she'd been. She said she'd just been coming on—just leaving her dressing-room—when she'd torn half her skirt off on a nail. She showed me the tear. It was a funny accident, but I didn't ask any more. I just told the manager I'd send for my stuff in the morning and went out. It was a fine night—early still. I found a pub and had a couple of brandies. Then I walked about the streets a bit and began to feel better. Only I didn't go home. I had a room in Kennington and I knew I should sit there thinking. I wanted company. So I went to a hotel and had another drink and took a room there and went to bed with the light on.

I suppose I slept because I found it was morning and the light still burning. Then I remembered—and I wondered if I really had been mad or dreaming the night before. In daylight you can't believe these things so easily. I was still wondering while I got dressed and had breakfast. Then I bought a paper, and on an inside page a paragraph jumped at me:

HOTEL TRAGEDY.

WAITER FALLS DOWN LIFT SHAFT.

Albert Creasey, waiter at the Magnolia Hotel, Russell Square, was killed last night through falling down the lift shaft from the top floor, where he had his own room. The tragedy occurred just before seven o'clock, shortly after Creasey had been visited in his room by a plain clothes police officer. Creasey, who had been at the hotel only since Sunday, apparently stayed in his room for a few minutes after the officer had left and then opened the lift gate on the top landing and stepped into the shaft.

It is understood that the visit of the police officer had no connection with any criminal proceedings. Inquiries were being made for Creasey on behalf of his wife, with whom he had not lived for several months.

The name was right and the time was right. I knew I'd seen my little man just as he was walking to the lift and after he'd fallen.

Anyway, I've sold my box. I can't face that trick again.

Chink

By J. O. P. Bland

IF you should happen to be a regular frequenter of St. James's Street, with an eye for dogs, you can hardly have failed to notice Chink, for he has taken his dignified walks in the lower reaches of that fashionable thoroughfare for a good many years now, with a regularity as precise as that of any clubman and a personality more conspicuously distinguished.

His favourite coign of vantage, his pitch by right of eminent domain, is the pavement of the sidewalk, between Lock's hat-shop and the corner of the new Phoenix building. Here, almost any morning, rain or shine, you may find him, nose on forepaws, dispassionately surveying mankind on its way to and from Pall Mall, much in the same way that elderly gentlemen survey it from the windows of the "Thatched House" and Conservative Clubs over the way, occasionally moved from passive contemplation to a manifestation of mild interest by some unusual feature of the moving scene. His deportment conveys an unmistakable intimation of proprietary rights; by virtue of usage and long tenure, he has come to regard this particular spot as his own, and all its traffic of pedestrians as in the nature of a trespass on his estate. On wet days he lies close to the wall, sheltered from the dripping of the roof, but on a fine morning he takes the sun in the middle of the pavement, as if the street were his in fee. There, rapt in meditation, he lies, seemingly unconscious of the ceaseless coming and going of human feet around and about him. There is something in his impassivity suggestive of a Buddha, "perfectly extinct upon his Throne," something in his aloofness which says that his spiritual home is not here, but somewhere in Manchuria or Mongolia. His detachment is that of an exile, living *tant bien que mal* in a strange land, amongst people who, though kind, are less than kin. It is in my mind that even in their native Canton, this breed of furry Chows, originally brought down from the cold North, with the

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Tartar garrisons of the conquering Manchus, have always given themselves these distinguished-stranger airs, always adopted an amicable but cautious attitude, somewhat like that of the Scotch *in partibus infidelium*. As friends and retainers of the dominant Tartars, they probably acquired in southern China something of the hauteur of the Imperial tribute-rice eaters, the aristocratic repose which stamps the caste of mandarin; also a certain deliberate fierceness of manner, originally intended, no doubt, to intimidate the common wonks and pariahs of Chinese cities. Chink, with his forehead wrinkled to a scowl, his tail cocked stiffly, like a plume, athwart his back, and his way of walking delicately on his toes, invites no familiarities or casual endearments; towards humanity at large, his attitude of stoic indifference is tempered by an ever-vigilant defensive. Towards other dogs, his manner is usually punctilious and distant; so long as they do not disturb him, he shows no desire to cultivate their better, or worse, acquaintance. This may possibly be due to the sobering influence of advancing years—Chink is getting on—but looking back over our long acquaintance, I cannot recall to mind that he has ever shown any inclination to sociability, any impulse to love or war, with stranger dogs. True, he has one canine crony, like himself an habitué of St. James's, an elderly Airedale, to wit, whose home lies round the corner in Pall Mall. With him Chink exchanges greetings that are almost demonstrative and confidences of the usual doggy kind. But if he is not gregarious, neither is he aggressive, his *nemo me impune lacessit* is never truculent. Therein he differs from that other canine exile from the Orient, the Pekinese, whose reckless courage is all too frequently of a querulous, quarrel-seeking kind, the result, no doubt, of centuries of pampered ease and blissful ignorance of the hard world beyond the sheltered precincts of the Dragon Throne.

Chink's owner (or perhaps, I should say, the lady whose establishment he honours with his company) resides not far from the spot on which he is usually to be found; but for all that, he generally takes his morning constitutional by himself. Now and then I have seen him accompanying his mistress in a car, but his regular

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morning routine consists of a leisurely stroll in the Park, to which he repairs by way of Cleveland Row, returning as a rule, in time to watch the band swing by for the changing of the Palace Guard. To see him cross the street, avoiding the motor traffic with unruffled calm and complete assurance, is an object lesson in Oriental adaptability, a performance which always attracts an admiring audience. Amongst these, there are one or two old acquaintances whom Chink is pleased to distinguish by manifestations of neighbourly, almost affable, regard—the Commissionaire of the Phoenix building, for example, and the newsvendor whose pitch adjoins the Post Office. Towards myself, possibly because his dog sense detects in me some lingering emanations of Cathay, he usually unbends so far as to acknowledge my greetings with a visible tremor of his tightly-curved tail, and other indications of a disposition to discriminate between me and the other moving shadows on the Painted Veil. Yet there are days when melancholy claims him utterly for her own, days when some prompting of atavistic nostalgia, some unheard voices from war-distant wilds, compel him to solitude and long sessions of sad, silent thought. When this mood is upon him, he turns his face, deliberately, to the wall and lets the legions thunder by, after the manner of his race.

This disposition to solitude, this unflattering indifference to *homo sapiens*, are normal idiosyncrasies of the Chow breed, but in Chink's case they may well have become intensified by prolonged observation of the human comedy, at a point where, to the mind of an observant dog, it must seem monotonously devoid of rational purpose. He may well have become disillusioned, his native philosophy imbued with more than a fair share of retrospective melancholy, by long residence in this stately street of *pas perdus*, this gathering-place of Colonial magnates unemployed, this haunt of sober citizens who once were burra sahibs, of Empire-builders on the shelf, and Dominion dignitaries *en retraite*. I like to think that, from his place in the sun, opposite to the windows of the Clubs from which these gentlemen look out on a world that has grown curiously small and dull,

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Chink, albeit an alien, has acquired something akin to sympathy for those, *laudatores temporis acti*, whom in his daily round he meets, equipped with the umbrella of prudence and the spats of respectability, from Pall Mall to Piccadilly.

Why not? He, too, comes of a breed that in its day has helped to guard the farflung outposts of a great Empire. He, too, I like to believe, has his noonday dreams, that summon up remembrance of things past, his memories of good fights well fought and duty bravely done. I like, in fact, to think of Chink as one of the brotherhood of stout-hearted but stiff-jointed frequenters of St. James's Street, and to hope that, while he dozes there in his accustomed place, his dog soul may revisit the glimpses of the moon in lands afar and take the golden road to Samarkand.

The Manager

By H. K. Derry

HE grunted "Karibu" mechanically, and with one half-open eye perceived Nehusa's ebony hand depositing a tea cup. Then with a shock he remembered, and started up as the door closed again.

So he had actually slept after all! And unbelievably, for that half-second on waking, had forgotten the shattering fact that the Day had arrived.

He threw aside the bedclothes, swung his feet on to the crackling buckskin mat, and stepped over to the window. Yes, it must be past six, with the sun already pouring on to his ruffled head, the cows blundering along the road to the milking shed, and the Lumbwa driver noisily cajoling his team of oxen into position beside the shaft of the wagon.

The wagon was only going to Mahomed Ali's store with "posho" and would be back by midday, before which hour he had calculated a hundred times it would be impossible for Parratt to arrive. For he wanted Parratt to see the oxen. He would realize that, after the eight months' drought, they were a credit to any farmer. It had been a struggle to keep them in condition. Indeed, for the last fortnight they had been a day's safari away at the far pasture where the veldt fires had miraculously missed a half mile of parched grass.

But this would not be necessary again. For a week thunder had grumbled among the Kiparu hills and any day now the rains might begin—that season of vivid, clean-cut forenoons and long rain-soaked evenings, spent sitting alone in the little dark sitting-room watching the road down to the maize shed transformed into a water course. He did not know if without Parratt's visit he would have been able to stand them again; though sometimes during the past hot weeks he had doubted if they were worse than those of the dry weather when he sprawled, inert after the day's exertion, on the verandah looking with a half ashamed eagerness along the white ribbon of road for a cloud of dust that would send his heart hammering into his throat, and then down again with a sick sensation of disappointment into his stomach, as not a helmeted figure but a turbaned one emerged from it, straddled ridiculously across a mule.

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It was four months now since he had spoken to a white man, though the last month might almost be discounted since all through it he had known of Parratt's advent, and the thrill of that knowledge and the innumerable imaginary conversations it had engendered had almost amounted to an actual companionship. A score of times already he had walked with him down the baked road to the eighty-acre field which now lay, sleek and brown and submissive, awaiting its cargo of seed, where less than a year ago the jungle had rioted in tangled confusion, and had seen Parratt raise his sandy brows and comment "This the new piece?" nodding with that peculiar movement of his lips that showed his satisfaction.

He knew now that to have Parratt's approval would be ample recompense for those two long years of loneliness and drudgery. Besides, Parratt had been Lord Barralowe's agent for nearly twenty years, and Lord Barralowe had acquired great tracts of earth in the days when the railway had not yet reached Uganda, and land was cheap because life on it was hazardous. Nowadays Parratt had control of farms all over the colony; fine places, some of them in the midst of civilization, containing electric-lit houses, and tennis courts, and the joy of neighbours under a mile away. He felt that, if Parratt approved of him, it might not be very long before he was moved from the wilderness into one of these. He had heard men say that trustworthy managers were difficult to find, and he had worked ploddingly ever since Parratt had motored him out two years ago, without supervision or advice from anybody.

He felt excitedly, as he splashed his head with cold water and pulled on khaki shirt and shorts, that the Day might bring him things even more delectable than the company of a white man.

A minute later he emerged into the brilliant morning and tramped down to the maize shed outside which a group of chattering black labourers awaited orders. He counted out "pangas" and axes and dispatched them to the far end of the farm to wrestle with the remaining patch of jungle, while he himself went to hurry on the ploughing.

His heart sang as he strode along the familiar road,

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his boots thudding softly in the dust. Everything looked different to-day. The hills were cloud-dappled and happy, the plain peaceful and sleeping, the wild doves' monotonous croon almost soothing, the ox driver's far-off cries mellow in the morning air. It looked as it used to look during the first eager weeks of his sojourn, while his hopes were still extravagant and his ears still deaf to the silence that crept daily over the motionless plain into the little mud room where he sat each evening alone with his thoughts.

Some fellows did not mind it, of course. They could live, year in and year out, with no one but the natives to speak to and nothing to hear but those everlasting doves. But he was not that kind. At Twickenham, where his father spent the day at the bank and his mother at the Babies' Welfare, there were always visitors in the crowded little drawing-room at night, and laughter and chatter and the tinkle of tea cups. People said it "made a man of you" to live as he did, alone in the wilds; but that was rubbish. It made a nervy, self-absorbed creature who magnified trifles and shaved only on Sundays . . .

At twelve o'clock, when he had returned from the ploughing and instructed the gaping Nehusa to lay two places for dinner, he went into the tiny bedroom and, unhooking his shaving mirror from the wall, carried it to the window. There, for the first time in two years, he examined his appearance, gazing critically at the face opposite which Parratt (doubtless also critically) would sit during the next few momentous hours.

It could no longer be called, by any strain of imagination, a good-looking face, but it was not as deteriorated as he had feared. The cheeks, of course, had fallen, and the eyes, bloodshot with plough dust, stared from the setting of little wrinkles which sun-glare and worry had grooved around them. But to-day, being Monday, his chin was still smooth, and he did not realize how excitement had lifted the habitual droop of his mouth and flushed the pallor of those parts of his skin which had escaped sunburn. It was an advantage to look older, and he hoped that Parratt would have forgotten how, on the day he brought out his new manager two years ago, the blushing youth had offered him liqueur chocolates

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with the explanation: "This is my twenty-first birthday."

He began dinner because it was silly to wait, but after he had carved himself a chunk of cold buck he took a tattered envelope from his pocket and spread Parratt's dog-eared letter on the table before him. Though he knew every word by heart, there was comfort in actually seeing the closely-scrawled sentences.

Dear Tomlin,

I shall be motoring through on my way to Kiparu on May 3rd and will call in. I am spending the night of the 2nd with Maitland and will come on to you in the morning.

Yours,

F. W. PARRATT.

A terse letter—almost an inhuman one considering the youth and isolation of the recipient, but it had been meat and drink to him for the past four weeks. Since its arrival he had carved himself two slices of buck instead of one, and electrified the stolid Nehusa by singing lustily in his bath.

When he had finished his meal, he did not go out to the work again but lit a cigarette and sat in his camp chair pretending to read, and straining his ears for the sound of a car engine. It was quite possible that Parratt might construe such a course of action as laziness rather than deference, but he would risk that. After four months of solitude one would hazard a good deal not to lose one moment of a white man's company.

Directly Nehusa had finished clearing the table and padded away to the outside kitchen, silence stole again into the little house, but for the first time in two years he did not mind it, feeling irritated when the chatter of some passing Kavirondo women made listening momentarily impossible. Once he walked to the window and gazed along the empty white road. Clouds were coming right over the hills now, obliterating the top of the Kiparu escarpment. Towards the east they had even invaded the plain and it was possible that, if they were still advancing after Parratt's arrival, he might think it wiser to stay for the night.

Terrific reflection! There was only one bed, of course, but he himself could shake down quite comfortably with his visitor's car cushions on the sitting-

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room floor. And he had a change of sheets that his mother had given him, carefully marked with his name . . .

The road was still empty when his wrist watch pointed to three o'clock, and for the first time the possibility of Parratt having had a break-down occurred to him. It was more than likely on these primitive tracks where drifts of dust concealed sharp tree stumps and villainous thorns. But what could he do about it? It might be miles away and he had not even a push bike. Besides, he knew nothing about cars and felt unwilling to display his ignorance before a veteran like Parratt. He decided to wait a little longer and then send out a "boy" with a note and a lamp. If Parratt were within ten miles, the "boy" would easily reach him before dark, and if necessary they would abandon the car and walk on.

He was going across to the office to write the note when he saw something move on the horizon and stopped abruptly to watch it. It was not a car because there was no dust. It was not a white man because it had no sun helmet. When at last it turned off the main road on to the farm path, he could see that it was a native clad in a blanket and carrying a stick split at the end to hold a piece of white paper.

Excitement flooded over him, for this was the accepted manner of carrying a white man's letter when the bearer wore no garment containing a pocket. So Parratt *had* broken down, but not too far away to inform him of the fact, and the letter would no doubt give instructions as to how he could help. He had better go to meet the messenger to save time. Perhaps Parratt might want the oxen to pull him out of a hole. Well! they were equal to the task. The thought of their sleek flanks gave him a momentary glow of pride.

Only dignity prevented him from running along the road, and he reached the dawdling Kavirondo while he was still a hundred yards from the house. He seemed to have shed suddenly the burden of his two years' banishment, and standing beside the native he looked just an excited child, with cheeks flushed pink and trembling fingers. He determined impulsively, as he unfolded the slip of paper, that however far away Parratt was "stuck" he would go to meet him himself. Waiting like this was too much for his nerves. Besides, he felt a sudden

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infusion of splendid energy, easily equal to a twenty-mile trudge. He smoothed out the pencilled scribble, darted a glance at the familiar signature, and read it.

He read it once, twice, thrice, and then a queer darkness blurred his vision, and a strange sensation in his diaphragm made him pant a little. Automatically he began walking towards the house, aware only of his physical sensations and of the fact that clouds had suddenly swamped the sun and a cold wind was blowing. When he gained the verandah, he realized that the Kavirondo had followed him, and leaning against the rail he recovered sufficient breath to speak. But his voice sounded dull and far off, as if he were not really attending.

"What time did you start with this letter?"

The "boy's" eyes turned instinctively towards the sky, but remembering that the sun was not a sufficiently accurate time-gauge for the white man he replied after a moment's study: "Ten o'clock. Bwana Parratt took me to the cross roads in his 'gharri' and I have walked from there."

"Was there mud on the road?"

"Not before the Kiparu cross roads, but at Kiparu there has been very much rain. Bwana Maitland's wagon stuck altogether on the way there yesterday. I know, because I am his driver." The thick lips parted in a grin, but it vanished as he added in a different tone: "I am very tired, and it is a long safari back again to-morrow."

The white man nodded, "All right," and raised his voice. "Nehusa! Tell the head-man to give this 'boy' his food and show him the Kavirondo huts." Then, straightening himself, he walked into the sitting-room and shut the door.

He dropped into a chair at the table, tumbled his helmet off, and taking the crumpled sheet of paper from his clenched fist, spread it out on the rough cedar surface. He could see all right now and his breath was quite even, but he felt oddly exhausted, as if he had already accomplished that twenty-mile tramp to which five minutes ago he had felt so triumphantly equal. For the fourth

THE MANAGER

time he read the brief message, pencilled in a hand grown familiar to him through the past month.

Sorry I shall not be able to come to you after all, but owing to the rains I shall have to go by the P.W.D. road to Kiparu. Am sending one of Maitland's boys with this from the cross roads.

F. W. PARRATT.

"Sorry I shall not be able to come to you after all." There was something devastatingly laconic in the statement, cruelly casual. "Sorry"; but he had let the mere threat of some mud deflect him from his purpose while his manager was preparing to march ten miles to meet him. "Sorry"; but by now he would have forgotten all about it in his efforts to reach Kiparu without getting bogged. The P.W.D. road *was* better than the little-used track through the farm, and Parratt, a man with many irons in the fire, had possibly some appointment to keep in the tiny corrugated-iron township. It was quite natural and understandable really. Only . . . only what was there left, now that he was not coming?

As if in answer to the question there sounded on the shingled roof the hesitating patter of big herald drops. The rains had begun at last—that season of long, rain-soaked evenings spent sitting alone in the dark little sitting-room watching the road down to the maize shed transformed into a water-course. He had thought many times that without Parratt's visit he would not have been able to stand them again . . .

Well, now he knew definitely that he could not.

He got up, went to the side table, and pulled a writing block from under a pile of old magazines. He had often considered the possibility of writing such a letter as he was going to write to his father, and had even composed sentences, knowing that it would not be easy to combine manly dignity with an appeal for help. But now that he came to the point, he found no difficulty at all. When one has reached the end of one's tether, things become simple. His pen sped over the paper.

Dear Dad,

Do you think you could get me a billet in the bank? I can't stick the loneliness out here. I haven't spoken to a white man for four months, and now the rains have come, it'll be another four I should think. I've only been out here two years I know, but it's

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been like twenty. Think I must be the wrong sort for a pioneer. It was bad enough in the dry weather, but then there was always the off chance of a visitor. I had hoped my boss was coming—

As he paused to dip his pen in the inkpot there came a fumbling at the door, and he turned to see a native enter, unslinging a dripping haversack from his shoulder. The post boy, of course, returned from Kiparu! He had forgotten him in the excitement of the day. And there should be an English mail, too. He took the bag, shook its contents on to the table and examined them. There were two newspapers, a letter from his mother, and one addressed in his father's clerkly hand. He tore this open first, skimming through the briefly related items of local news till he reached some sentences towards the end of the letter:—

Mr. Skinner was talking to me the other day about his Ernest, and saying there are no openings at all in England for young fellows nowadays. He asked about your job, but feared Ernest wouldn't have enough enterprise for the colonies. I must say I feel proud of you, my boy, and so does your mother, and I'm thankful to feel you're launched in a promising position. The colonies are certainly the place nowadays.

"The colonies are the place." Yes; that was the sort of thing people said who had never been there. He would like them to spend six months in this room, listening to the rain . . .

All the same it was probably true that jobs were difficult to find in England. His eyes fell to the scribbled page of his own letter, cut short in its plaint by the arrival of the post bag. So his people were proud of him, were they? It would be a bit of a shock to them when they got that letter.

Perhaps he had better think again before actually sending it. In the morning he might feel different. The disappointment about Parratt had knocked the stuffing out of him to-night. He would read his mother's letter first anyway, and the newspapers; that is, if he could keep awake. He was feeling ridiculously tired. Already his head was almost dropping on to his outspread arms . . .

So Nehusa, padding in an hour later to lay the supper, found him sleeping, with his home letters in front of him and a half covered sheet of writing block crumpled up in one tightly-clenched hand.

These Stranger Nights

California, 1930

By Helen B. G. Sutherland

These stranger nights look softly down
With lang'rous silver eyes.
From green and golden orange groves
The wind of evening sighs,

And far, far, are the hills of home—
Far flows the winding Tay—
The stars I know, the moon I love
Shine half a world away

And yet, a single thought will span
The waters that divide,
And set my feet on Forgan Road
One stilly evening-tide.

It will be dark, for there the trees
Do wear night's foliage,
But friendly little stars will smile
Upon my pilgrimage,

And I will follow where the fields
Lie open to the night
And gaze, where veils of darkness hide
The northern sea from sight,

And while I walk the well-loved way—
Peace in the heart of me—
Perhaps some wandering comrade ghost
Will bear me company.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

ALL-CONQUERING SPORT

"THAT's a set-back," said Sergeant Murphy.

"What is?" asked Heddle.

"The beatin' we got at Rugby Football in Paris," was the reply. "And the worst feechure of it is that there was nothin' undherhand or foul about it. In parts of La Bellicose France a Rugby player would as soon go on the field without a jersey as without a knuckle-duster. But at this match everything was genteel like at lawn tennis, which makes it all the more humiliatin' for our fellahs to be beaten be our gallant allies at a game we've taught the world. As the leader writer on me own paper says, it's a blow to our sportin' presteedge that we must set about remedyin' sthraight away. That's how I feel about it, too."

"But——" began Heddle.

"I know what you're goin' to say, Heddle," interrupted the Sergeant. "You want to tell me that at Soccer we could beat France with wan hand tied behind our backs. But that's no consolation for a disasthrous defeat in a game that nearly every public school—and anny others where a hyphen plays a manly part in the surname—has taken to its heart.

"Things aren't so bad in Tennis. For far too long entherin' for the Davis Cup has been just a matther of form for us—and dam rotten form at that. Just as our champions would have their second pair of white flannels at the laundry, they'd be turfed out of the competition be the delegates of some comic little counthry that we couldn't find on the map without a microscope. And at Wimbledon our he-players always took the count in the early rounds at the hands of some foreign divils with obscene names like Charin' Cross written backwards.

"Now, praise be, the tide is beginnin' to turn, and this young fellah Perry looks as if he's the makin's of a champion—wan that'll give the haughty foreigner some-thin' more to do than sign autographs.

"Then there's cricket. The things that fellah Bradman done to us when he came over with the Austhralians

"SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY"

are on the charge sheet agen us in hithory. Like Queen Anne, the word 'Bradman' will be found at the otopsy written on the heart of every Englishman worthy of the name—and which of them isn't when it's cricket that's concerned?

"What we'll do about Bradman in the fuchure I'm damned if I know. I wondher could we kidnap him or bribe him out of the game. Maybe if we let the Austhralians float a loan for twenty millions here, they'd be willin' to retire him compulsorily. Why, we'd give the Isle of Wight to know that in the next series of Tests we wouldn't have to face a divil like that who takes our best bowlin' as if it was tossed up be a girl of nine. It's not gentlemanly. It's not cricket. It's a thravesty of the great game that brings hundhreds of Americans to Lord's at the Eton and Harrah match to learn if four or five pearl buttons per spat is the right ration."

"Look here, Sar'nt," broke in Heddle, "You're talking an awful lot of poppycock. What does it matter about football or cricket? It's only sport after all."

"Only sport," repeated the Sergeant in pained surprise. "Well, Heddle, you baffle me. That I should live to hear a freeborn Englishman speakin' disrespectfully of sport makes me ask meself if the bulldog breed is dyin' out."

"Only sport! What is it fills wan quarther, at least, of every popular newspaper? Sport. What is the wan topic, barrin' Stock Exchange stories, that binds Britons of all classes together? Sport, of course. Who are the best known men in the counthry? Why, the fellahs that make a name for themselves in sport. I'll bet ye that for every man that's heard of the Poet Laureate there's twenty can give you a life hithory of Stephen Donoghue. And the fellah that discovered the new cure for malaria was allowed to live on the edge of nothin', while workin' men got up a subscription for Hobbs, who's rollin' in money already."

"Only sport, indeed!"

"What I meant," said Heddle, "was that with millions of unemployed——"

"Never mind the unemployed," said Sergeant Murphy. "A lot of the gate money comes out of them."

This Art of the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

White Horse Inn. (Coliseum.)

Saint Joan. By Bernard Shaw. (His Majesty's.)

Autumn Crocus. By C. L. Anthony. (Lyric.)

The Romantic Young Lady. By Martinez Sierra. (Embassy.)

THE walls of Jericho—if for Jericho we may read the unregenerate theatre—have fallen. Column upon column, the preliminary press paragraphs of *White Horse Inn* marched round them, trumpeting the new things in theatre art and theatre technique which this great spectacle would demonstrate. The usual first-night fans sat on the usual camp-stools an even longer than usual number of hours. The great day came; the trumpets blew their last shrill challenge, and to such superlatives as newspapers alone dare indulge, the thing happened. The libraries made a record purchase of seats, and theatre magnates everywhere tried to engage the German producer, Erik Charell, the Joshua of the occasion.

As one of the people who have been trapping a little forlornly round Jericho for quite a number of years, hailing any little breach of the walls, I hastened to celebrate the debacle. Alas! Jericho stood where it did. The Coliseum lobbies and corridors had been disguised as a Bavarian hostelry and the attendants were in Tyrolese costume; some echo of this note extended to the auditorium; the boxes had been built over with the façades of Bavarian buildings and the action was thus carried out beyond the proscenium arch; there was a really beautiful drop curtain of mountain tree design; on the stage itself a noble background of mountain scenery against a horizon; and the first-rate stage equipment of the Coliseum was in use so that the scenes could be rapidly changed by means of the revolving stage. But all this is an old device. Where was beauty, thrill, that exaltation of spirit which once in a decade sends one almost dizzy from the theatre? Not in this much-vaunted production. Of course, it was stupendous, but being stupendous isn't art, and may be vulgarity; it was entertaining, but that isn't art either; it was spectacular, but spectacle is not necessarily vision. It needed one important thing—an artist.

THEATRE

Craig, Reinhardt, Appia, Stanislavski. Granville Barker; one of these men could have seized the marvellous opportunity provided by the technical equipment of the Coliseum stage and the willingness of Sir Oswald Stoll to spend a king's ransom on a production. But the old enemies were strong on the ramparts, and though we got a musical show with a little better sense of theatre-craft than usual, the walls of Jericho were firm on their old foundations of fear and "What-the-public-wants." The show may make money; it will not make history. It might have achieved both.

Perhaps because of my disappointment I was supercritical, but it seemed to me that even the stage-craft was at points clumsy: that such a device as the screening of the change of scene by flats projected on from the wings was a poor effort; that the highly boosted "real rain" was singularly unconvincing either as realism or artifice; that very little use was made of the largess poured into the producer's hands, save when we were conducted round the lake at the end, and saw the whole *mise en scène* pass by. This was thrilling as theatre art. For the rest, I was chiefly held by the Tyrolese dancing, which probably because of its folk origin had a fundamental beauty and strength; a dance movement symbolizing water in one scene; and the clean-cut playing of Lea Seidl. The funny men were not very funny; the music was undistinguished; the plot was almost non-existent; the general level of the chorus work was neither better nor worse than that to which we have grown accustomed in musical shows.

I came much nearer to my theatrical thrill watching the revival of Shaw's *St. Joan*. Suppose, I dreamed, that Sir Oswald, in a moment of vision, decided to stage a play as great as this, with a cast up to the level of Sybil Thorndike, and to call in Craig to produce it at a theatre as well equipped as the Coliseum on the unlimited scale of this other show. There would be greatness indeed. *St. Joan* comes nearest of all Shaw's work to spectacle unless one excepts some parts of the Methuselah Cycle; and, as Charles Ricketts has designed it, it is a beautiful thing to watch as well as a fine thing to listen to. Sybil Thorndike, getting further and further from

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an emotional peasant conception such as Mdm. Pitoeff gave us last year, gets nearer than ever to the figure as Shaw conceived it : the hero spirit which could alter the institutions of society because of faith and steadfastness, the lonely one whom all men desert in life and canonise in death, the meteor that consumes itself to light the earth. There is great drama in the working out of such a chronicle, and though now and again Shaw forgets the theatre because of the rostrum, this play has taken its place among the classics of the theatre.

On more human levels, where delicacy and charm hold sway rather than greatness, either quantitative or qualitative, we have had the opportunity of seeing Martinez Sierra's play, *The Romantic Young Lady*, in Granville Barker's translation; *Autumn Crocus*, a tender little story of a school teacher's belated toying with passion on an Austrian holiday; and a new Irish play in the old manner, *The New Gossoon*.

The Romantic Young Lady was another triumph of the Embassy Repertory venture, which goes from strength to strength. Its acting and productions get increasingly better, and its audiences, which once were a sparse forgathering of obvious deadheads, are now overflowing and exuberant with the exuberance of people who have bought their seats. If they get such fare as Sierra's piece, one understands the change, for it is a delightful comedy : pure theatre, with an occasional sideglance at life which gives it piquancy.

Autumn Crocus is on more familiar terms with life, at least in the main line of its story of the love-starved schoolmistress who for one evening finds love under the Tyrolese moon with the handsome proprietor of the Inn. Fay Compton gets all the possible beauty from her muted playing of this delicate part, and with her must be mentioned Martita Hunt, the companion and escort who calls her back from the primrose path. The subsidiary characters whose whole business it is to form a background to this quiet tragedy are amusing and diverting, which, of course, is a criticism of the dramatist, and shows the prentice hand. Nevertheless *Autumn Crocus* has a fragrance which makes it worth seeing.

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIR

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE. By the Hon. EVAN CHARTERIS. Heinemann. 25s.

THE masterly account in "Father and Son" has made Gosse's early life and trials familiar. He was under his father's sway till he came to London at seventeen to become a force in the literary world. Mr. Charteris has done wisely in making his letters play the main part in the biography. They are admirably written, worthy of one who was for many years the most accomplished penman in London and an agreeable master of malice. This always attractive style was in a way a snare, for it led Gosse to make a good show of expertness in subjects he really did not know, and thus, while not deceiving the best judges, persuading the average reader of his wide erudition. Mr. Charteris recognizes this, remarking that Gosse was "driven to living beyond his intellectual capital." "Driven" is a question-begging word; the busy stylo pen, which has left some words undeciphered here, might occasionally have paused with advantage. Gosse had never, as is noted, gone through the discipline of academic education and he was sometimes more careless than a scholar should be. When the little demon of inaccuracy perched on his shoulder, he did not always attempt to shake it off. Hence the attack by Churton Collins, which, however spiteful in tone, was not negligible in substance. Hence fair criticism of some details in Gosse's work on Gray. He survived these set-backs, which are probably little known to the latest generation, and reached his eightieth year, a Nestor rightly cherished since he maintained in old age the wish and ability to help younger men. His life can be called fortunate, for it was full of the interests he desired and the atmosphere of the House of Lords, where he became Librarian, suited him exactly. The repute won by "Father and Son" compensated for the comparative failure of the books of poems.

Mr. Charteris explains frankly Gosse's sensitiveness to criticism, but not what was felt in earlier days about his way of criticizing others. The feline touch with a velvet paw which, rightly or wrongly, was ascribed to his reviewing brought him some unpopularity among authors. In talk he was particularly happy, but he could be pontifical, consciously, it seemed, above his audience. One such occasion I remember, a monologue at the Savile Club in which he preached at some length. Unfortunately, he came to telling us that no first-rate male author had ever at any time adopted a feminine pseudonym. A sharp voice, backed by a formidable memory, burst in with

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"Only Keats and Shelley!" and Gosse shrank back, as if he had been shot. He was an odd mixture of confidence and timidity, socially at his best when he was sure of his company. But it must have been timidity which made him fail to appreciate the most human and robust of Cambridge dons, Henry Jackson. The Clark Lectureship was a great thing for him, but it was not a University appointment, as these pages seem to declare. It was a Trinity post, representing money left by a well-known don of that college. Various quarrels of the past make good "copy," though not very edifying reading. But what are these ebullitions of irritability compared with the real advance of good literature? To that end Gosse contributed notably by his books and journalism. He was excellent, as Stevenson told him, in his sketches of men he had known, appreciations full of telling detail which most men would never have noted or remembered. He was a passionately zealous man of letters and he had a positive genius for friendship, as several wise and charming letters of advice printed here show. Others need more annotation for a world ignorant and incurious about the past.

The volume is delightful, for the biographer has played his part with unobtrusive skill and, when he explains his friend's virtues and foibles, with ample discernment. A decided virtue, not common to-day, was Gosse's care for the English language and for "the great craftsmen of the past," who, "whatever we ridiculously call their 'school,' are worthy of our high loyalty and wonder."

V. R.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN: BEING THE STORY OF THE REGENT. By GRACE E. THOMPSON. Cape. 12s. 6d.

WE reduce a title which, following the old-fashioned style, takes over 90 words. The Regent who became George IV, his wife and daughter, his mistresses and friends appear here as a gallery of speaking portraits, the more important conversations being taken by the author from contemporary witnesses. The resulting narrative is cleverly put together and makes good reading, but it is not history any more than those overpraised efforts of Mr. Lytton Strachey which emphasize the picturesque or ironical side of a character, whether it is important or not. The witnesses cited have very different credentials—some have strong party prejudices; others desire to amaze or amuse; others simply love gossip or love to be spiteful: who can decide among this crowd where truth ends and spite begins?

The author, however, proclaims her standpoint from the first. A page before the title announces the Regent as villain, and Caroline as heroine. A page earlier she quotes against the Regent

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Praed and "the Four Georges," which are full of malice against kingship. Even Dr. Saintsbury, a determined admirer of Thackeray, has to admit some things that can be said for the Regent and do not appear here. He was no empty fool, at any rate. The people, like young Mr. Macaulay, were strong for the Queen, who was often wild and foolish. To call Walter Scott a "fair-weather friend" of hers is certainly original. With his regard for rank as something historic, he was shocked by the Queen's stupid pranks, that careless levity of which she had given him a particularly silly example in 1806.

MEN AND MEMORIES. Recollections of WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. Faber & Faber. 21s.

PROF. ROTHENSTEIN was born in 1872; this volume carries his memories to 1900, so that it ceases about his twenty-eighth year; the index contains the names of approximately a thousand people with whom he came into contact; and at least one half of these names are what is termed "famous" in art, literature or the social-intellectual life of the end of last century. These facts and the inference which informs them give the significance to this fascinating book. It might have been called "The Eighteen-Nineties from Within," for the author, a young artist from Bradford with a rare capacity for friendship and understanding, moving between London and Paris in those great days, seems to have met everybody of importance.

From the record of his impressions emerges subconsciously a portrait of himself which is full of modesty and kindness and helps us to understand why these intimate friendships accrued to him. There is scarcely an uncharitable word, but on the contrary a boundless human tolerance and a fine sense of humour. In these pages, based upon a period when wit was the fashion and the *bon mot* flourished with the green carnation, there was bound to be a wealth of good stories and clever sayings, and, considering the author, an equally generous outpouring of art comment and valuation. Altogether, Mr. Rothenstein's book, like his life, was destined for good fortune: the gods smiled and gave largess.

Any disappointment that may be felt lies in the writing, which, especially at the beginning, threatens to spoil our pleasure, because of its jerkiness and lack of style. Such a multitude of interests and people tends to crowd the book, and its creator with his sense of craftsmanship would be the first to acknowledge that it needed an experienced writer to do justice to the material. One can scarcely blame him that he is not that writer.

One word more, and that of praise to the publishers: the volume, with its 48 illustrations, many from the author's own work, is a model of good printing and fine paper.

H. S.

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A SECOND ELIZABETHAN JOURNAL: 1595-8. By G. B. HARRISON
Constable. 24s.

DR. HARRISON has followed up his first Elizabethan Journal with another full of interest. Indeed, the material his research has discovered is so ample that he has had to select the more notable things. This volume includes the famous victory at Cadiz and the death of Philip II of Spain with his character. In 1595 Raleigh is much commended for going daily to hear sermons, a detail in keeping with his rather cynical personality. In 1596 the Bishop of London dies taking tobacco, "wherewith since his unfortunate marriage he hath sought to smother his cares." In the same year Queen Elizabeth, not improving in health and temper, objects to the sermon on her Grand Climacteric, an event Dr. Harrison has cleverly applied to one of Shakespeare's Sonnets. She feels deeply in 1598 the death of Burleigh. At his funeral it is noted, quite in the style of modern journalism, that "the heaviest countenance of the company" was that of the Earl of Essex.

There is an admirably complete account of books and plays and the illustrations are choice. One of them shows "The Beacons of Kent" and two branches of the Stour making Thanet an island.

TRAVEL

A JOURNEY IN ENGLAND. By FRANK BINDER. Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

WE approach with pleasure any book of journeys in England which deserves something much better than the ordinary guide-book mixture of fact and facetiousness. The author, a lecturer apparently on the Continent, has good taste and wide knowledge. We admire, for instance, his appreciation of the choir of Ely Cathedral and his citation of Virgil's description of a nightmare, a triumph seldom recognized. He has, too, some encounters which are well described. But the book is written with an affected preciosity which leaves Pater behind and makes the elaborate prose of Mr. Percy Lubbock almost plain in comparison. Alliteration is grossly overdone in every other sentence and fantastic adjectives such as "endimion" startle the reader.

Mr. Binder is so depressed that he might be on a never-ending treadmill. We have felt in English Cathedrals the Philistinism which surrounds them; we have been round the glories of Norwich with an American chiefly interested in his own ancestors and the hot-water apparatus; but we must say that Mr. Binder is far too superior. It is a criticism of himself that he has never met by chance anybody "who would leave more memory on

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THE SOVIET FIVE-YEAR PLAN

And its Effect on World Trade

By H. R. KNICKERBOCKER

"The most convincing and the most readable book on modern Russia that I have yet encountered . . . no political, economic, or sentimental bias . . . observant, careful, accurate and shrewd . . . I cannot speak too highly of it."—HAROLD NICOLSON in the *Evening Standard*.

"The most comprehensive survey of the Five-Year Plan I have come across to date . . . he gives you first-hand facts and figures."—*Time & Tide*.

"The whole atmosphere, the ardours and endurances of the Soviet campaign, its fanatical revivalism, are portrayed with most convincing clarity."—LONDONER in the *Evening Standard*. *Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net.*

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO STREET, W.1

my mind than that he was gone." Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon are exciting scenes for any cultivated mind, but here they afford little more than melancholy exhibitions of the writer's wayward temperament. He is a pagan obsessed with the futility of his short stay on earth. He can praise so little. At Kenilworth he finds Walter Scott no more than a superstition, and "save for Ivanhoe and the Heart of Midlothian . . . reverently shelved."

He agrees with the American acquaintance who sees "no sense in studying the characters of men who are dead, nor in reading descriptions of things that no longer exist." This is, of course, a pretty mood of petulance, but in general he is far too much the slave of his own limitations and confesses at the end doubts about "lingering over long on elegancies of expression, on the lilts of language, and the loveliness of alliteration." His mortuary mood affects even his view of wild flowers. He talks of the sad destiny of the lesser celardine, which tenderly hides her early blooms at the first touch of the tempest, but later when the bloom is gone helplessly submits her buffeted beauty to the bluster of the storm.

On the contrary, we have seen the celandine for many a year facing the cold with blossoms undimmed, hardily shining in the

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open, when human creatures were feeling life uncomfortable. We have seen, too, and conversed with robust farmers of Stratford who might have put the author's despairing mood to rout. But we doubt if he would have had anything to say to them.

It is a sad case, for the scholar should, like Johnson, go out into the world and see good in unfamiliar things which his cloistered life leads him to deride. Mr. Binder abuses the cultured; he is prejudiced against education; and, worst of all, he contemns himself.

MY CANOE. By MAURICE CHENU. Translated by BERTRAM RATCLIFFE. Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

THE brightness of M. Chenu supplies a striking contrast to the gloom of Mr. Binder. It is not surprising that this record of canoeing won the first prize for the best travel book of the year, for it is full of graceful chaff and understanding. Once started with his Canadian canoe on river excitements, the author and his companions reveal an admirably receptive spirit, flirting, fishing and taking a wetting with a gaiety which enjoys the present, like a child. A touch of tragedy when the party sleep in a dug-out well-known in the war is done as effectively as light encounters. Usually, the author is too wise to revisit a place, for he knows that places change and people, too. "The pictures which memory paints do not bear re-touching." Aubert, the reader of the party, misquoted Virgil's First Eclogue, but he showed all the Virgilian tenderness in devising a plan to soothe the last moments of a desolate old woman. Indeed, one of the charms of the book is that it combines with the vivacity of youth a feeling for that static old age which has all its adventures behind it.

The translation reads very well.

BAEDEKER'S RIVIERA AND SOUTH-EASTERN FRANCE. With 82 maps and plans. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

A REGION so popular with holiday-makers as the Riviera is perpetually changing, with new roads, new motor and even air routes, new hotels and museums opened for the public pleasure. This guide should be very useful, for it contains a remarkable array of up-to-date knowledge compressed in a small space and the supply of maps is very satisfactory, except that, where they go across two pages, the details in the centre are not easy to read. The volume includes the Italian Lakes and the Lake of Geneva, which is much developed of late years in the region of Montreux, and Corsica, which with its grand trees and ravines is gaining a deserved popularity with English visitors. The nuisances of the mistral, mosquitoes and excessive noise are not concealed

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in some regions and specialities like the sausages and fish-cakes of the Lyons restaurants are duly noted. Several less-known places, such as Juan-les-Pins, have made progress of late years and the Italian Riviera should not be forgotten. Alassio has a flourishing English colony and Rapallo, we notice, has two English doctors.

The gardens of Italy are one of its chief attractions, as at Isola Bella and the Villa Cicogna within easy reach of Varese, where the old-world charm is perfect. Those that are not public are, as a rule, generously shown to visitors, and testing the guide in this way, we find it well equipped. This month, on the way from Montreux to Les Avants the visitor can see fields of narcissus in bloom, and the flowers in many places are as well worth study as the antiquities.

EDUCATION

LETTERS TO SCHOOLMASTERS. By F. W. FELKIN. With a Foreword by J. L. PATON. Sheldon Press. 4s. 6d.

ALL good friends of education should be interested in this book, for it gives the views of a teacher who has had an unusual breadth of experience and enjoyed the practice of an unusual versatility. Ranging from school games to music and from geography to German, Mr. Felkin writes with the frankness of an old hand and one would be a little alarmed at the standard he expects, if he had not told of his own occasional failures. We are glad to note his remarks on premature specialization, which encourages cramming and an often sterile precocity rather than good education. A school is not to be judged mainly or solely by the scholarships it gets. Masters should be chosen more by the verdict of those who know them than by testimonials, as Mr. Felkin wisely suggests. Cannot the incubus of examinations be reduced by using this personal knowledge about boys? All that distracts them from their normal work and the master who knows their ways is deprecated. The cinema, gramophone and wireless are put down as "anti-educational" and Mr. Felkin is outspoken about unhealthy publicity and crude democracy. He runs the risk of being called a reactionary but he knows and applauds the true co-operative spirit which should animate the best type of school.

EDUCATIONAL POLICY IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By N. HANS and S. HESSEN. P. S. King. 7s. 6d.

THE authors of this book rely on official sources and personal knowledge. They show that the Soviet Government have failed in their idea of subordinating education to propaganda. During 1919-27 three different programmes were introduced. French admirers commended Soviet schemes of 1923 which are now recognized in Russia as a failure. The "complex" instruction

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of that year abolished separate subjects and put forward three columns entitled "Labour," "Nature," and "Society," some individual industry being ordered for selection as the central "complex." The "three R's" were supposed to be acquired by the way and young children were expected to grasp the economics of Russia and specialize later on Labour, i.e. abstract and dogmatic doctrines of the class-struggle. All this disheartened the teachers, who found a way to evade the official requirements and teach as usual. In 1927 radical changes were made with a definite recognition of subjects like mathematics and geography, but propaganda remained in "Political Literacy," which took the place of "History" and "Religion." This subject evidently tends to make boys more mature than they can be, conceited youths like those who plotted and brought off the murder of the Archduke which began the war. Self-government by pupils started with great zeal but was soon reduced. "All writers," the authors remark, "even the most benevolent foreign observers, note the tired and over-serious look of Russian schoolchildren." It is pointed out, however, that the patriotic cadet corps which the Tsarist regime failed to create has been organized by the Soviet Government on a large scale as a conscious move towards the complete militarization of general education.

The universities were given over to "Workers' Faculties," but students have adopted the official Communistic creed because it is impossible to get into a higher institution without it. Marxist doctrine was, however, insisted on, and in two years about 63,000 students were expelled. In 1920 the Council of Professors, the legislative body of the autonomous universities, was deprived of its powers, and a Government Board took its place. The so-called "red professors," often with no academic degrees, but qualified as Marxists, filled the places of the unorthodox. The result was a sad lowering of standards and a failure to create any new academic methods. It remains to be seen how long partisan teaching can dominate Russian education. We are not surprised to read that both peasants and workers are "evidently weary of political grammar." The writers suggest that the thirst for knowledge cannot be satisfied with Marxian propaganda. In fact, the peasants, dissatisfied with the official schools, began to found their own, which the Government could not stop, and finally recognized.

FICTION

FATHER. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THIS author is always delightful. With easy and effective dialogue she contrasts the selfish and the cattish with charming

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people who, however odd their doings, win our sympathy and regard. These charmers can say with Autolycus :—

And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

Jennifer, a spinster of thirty-three, had endured a good deal of drudgery serving "Father," a widower and a monster of literary selfishness. When he suddenly confronted her with his new wife, much younger than herself, she wandered into a country cottage, dug the soil and attracted a clergyman in bondage to a horrid sister. But after all, she had to return to her servitude in Gower Street, and the clergyman came after her. We are expecting a scene of the sort the author does admirably when she saves the situation by killing Father. The clergyman was not very serious about his duties and perhaps he dropped them when he got his Jennifer, for she was the last person to run a Mothers' Meeting.

THE CUSTOM OF BRETTINORO. By HAMILTON DRUMMOND. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

THE publishers call this "a historical love romance." No particular attention, however, is paid to time and place. It is sufficient that we are transported to an Italian Dukedom where gentlemen are brave and ready for the duel and ladies are modest and receive some of the lost honours of chivalry. The Duke, uneasy about the discontent of his people and the softness of his son and heir, arranges that the latter shall marry. So Count Paul goes to Brettinoro, to find a lady who suits him better than the one selected. The story proceeds briskly with two love affairs and the excitements provided by the enemies of the dukedom.

Mr. Drummond is a capable craftsman but a little more sententious than he need be. His old-fashioned romance provides good entertainment, which is more than can be said for the selfish iniquities of the complex-ridden couples popular to-day. These sickly books are over-praised while a writer like Mr. Drummond does not get his due.

THE LOVING SPIRIT. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THIS story of a Cornish family throughout a hundred years is well worth reading. The author has the real stuff of romance in her and a fine sense of humanity supports and informs her big scheme. But at present she is too fluent to do herself full justice. When the steady-going Thomas Coombe, a ship-builder in the sea-port of Plyn, married his wife Janet, she lost for a time the wild and wandering spirit which had marked her out as a girl. But it returned later in her strange sense of union with her perverse son Joseph. It is this touch of wildness, of parting yet lasting

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unity in love, which makes the story. We see in succeeding generations

"Janet—Joseph—Christopher—Jennifer, all bound together in some strange and thwarted love for one another, handing down this strain of restlessness and suffering, this intolerable longing for beauty and freedom; all searching for the nameless things, the untrodden ways, but finding peace only in Plyn and in each other. . . .

The author's vocabulary needs more care; it has a way of becoming literary when it should be simple, as in the use of the word "intriguing." On the first page a gull is "stretching his wide wings" and "losing itself" in the same sentence. A "good-looker" is a needless Americanism and the family, young and old, talk at intervals in a style which appears beyond them. These are the slips of inexperience and the author should look out for them in her next book.

FROM DAY TO DAY. By FERDYNAND GOETEL. Elkin Mathews & Marrot: 7s. 6d.

THIS book has rightly been praised, and by no less a person than Mr. John Galsworthy. It is a remarkable piece of technique in novel writing. The protagonist, who is an author, keeps a diary recording the events of his present life at the time he is writing a novel dealing with certain events in his past, which are continually influencing his present. The novel is printed in italics interspersed between the pages of the diary. The interest of technique becomes apparent, for one is able to see the interaction between past and present focussed in the one mind. There is a danger that one will not be so emotionally moved by the actual story told, as intellectually by the method of telling. "From Day To Day," however, is a book which should certainly be read by anybody interested in literary craftsmanship; and as it brings Mr. Goetel, perhaps the most eminent of living Polish writers, for the first time to an English public, we have the more reason for welcoming its appearance.

DEAR LOVERS. By JOHN C. MOORE. Dent. 7s. 6d.

MR. MOORE has followed up his "Dixon's Cubs" with a simple but delightful story of the countryside he knows so well. The lovers are a girl with a bedridden grandmother and a young farmer who has much to hamper him. He has a crazy aunt at home and as landlord a hard squire of the sort which comes into country life with no ideas beyond a local position and a return for money laid out. The homely details of farm life and its difficulties are well described with some notice of incompetent muddlers.

When the young couple anticipate the marriage rite, Mr. Moore finds an advocate to plead their case and help them out of their troubles, a literary dilettante who has left Bloomsbury

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to find rural content. The deadly gossip which pervades a village is, unfortunately, true to life, but we hope the clergy pictured are unusually pedantic and unfitted for their most important duties. The country touches are charming, including again a lively hunting scene.

CAT'S MEAT AND KINGS. By GEORGE BAKER. Eric Partridge. 7s. 6d.

It requires courage both for author and publisher to enter the realms of fiction along the road of a volume of short stories, but Mr. Baker, as his earlier published autobiography proved, does not lack the courage of original thought and heterodox action. This book has fine stuff in it. One story of a bible-class leader who wins in a competition the right to "Tea and Tête-à-tête" with an infamously famous dancer, comes near to excellence as a modern improvisation on the Thais theme. The title story also is well done; indeed, Mr. Baker's daemon is the soul of Kipps. In the more fantastic themes he fails. There is a self-conscious sense of language in his work which will eventually prove a true servant, but at present is too obtrusive. All of which is to say that "Cat's Meat and Kings" has real promise, especially if the writer will tread those courts which traffic in cat's meat rather than aspire to those which are concerned with kings.

ART AND DRAMA

CLAUDE MONET. By XENIA LATHOM. Allan. 15s.

THIS short and vigorous monograph, supported by 24 good plates at the end, is welcome. It does not go into the theories of the impressionists, pointillism and the shorthand of form and colour, but it exhibits the life and progress of Monet with sympathetic animation. The Countess of Lathom writes with brilliant exaggeration on the futilities of education and the true position of the artist, who "must always be in the state of a man who wants to swear, excessively moved and therefore searching desperately to convey what it is that moves him." Genius with its new vision is generally starved and derided and dealers make fortunes out of the artist's work when he is dead. Monet, with his healthy idea of *plein air* work, survived to secure recognition; he had influential friends and belonged to a group which included the more forceful personality of Manet. We cannot admit that the first teacher in the arts has so much influence as is ascribed to him here, but certainly Monet was fortunate in learning from Boudin.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET: 1921-1929. By W. A. PROPERT. Lane. 30s.

THIS second volume of the history of the Russian Ballet is a record of experiment which must outdare daring. In the first, published some years ago, the story was told from 1909 to 1920,

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and already Diaghileff had brought artistic Western Europe to his feet with the famous early ballets. His policy of synthesizing the work of musicians and artists worthy of the supreme artistry of his dancers had triumphed supremely. The problem before the later ballet and its inspired master, therefore, was to live up to the achievements of *Petruscha*, *The Three Cornered Hat*, and others of the early works.

In this search for material Diaghileff suffered a double handicap. One was the competition from his own glorious record; the other that events had taken from the company the inspiration of their spiritual origin. Monte Carlo plutocracy could ill supply the impetus once given by the aristocratic patronage of Russia, and the art studios of Paris provided intelligence in plenty but of spirit nothing. It is interesting, as we examine this excellent record, to observe that it was in such pieces as *Les Noces* or *Le Pas d'Acier*, when they turned back to the country of their origin, that the Russians achieved so much in this later period.

The book is an exact and splendid record. The 48 illustrations are excellently produced in generous style, and with its aid something of the bigness of Diaghileff himself and the magnificent work of the Ballet can be grasped. A chapter in theatrical art closed with the death of the master impresario, and it is good to have it thus worthily placed upon record.

H. S.

EURIPIDES: *ALCESTIS*. Translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON. Chatto and Windus. 2s.

IN spite of its highly specialized and hampering form, the Greek drama shows a remarkable vitality, and to-day has a vogue in English it could not claim among the Elizabethans. Browning put a transcript of the *Alcestis* into "Balaustion's Adventure," but his additions by way of comment and justification smooth away difficulties which scholars have felt for years. How far does Euripides mean to justify Admetus and Heracles? The drama has its simple beauty but it is also queer and "somewhat comic," as the ancient introduction to it remarks. The statement that Admetus could find no one to die for him, "having tested and gone through all his friends," has a comic touch about it, though Mr. Aldington gets out of this by paraphrase. His version, being in prose, seems to us occasionally looser than it need be, but in general he is plain, using "you" not "thou," and this style pleases us better than Browning's stiffness or the imported elegance of Prof. Gilbert Murray. The play is well divided into scenes with good notes about the acting.

In the difficult matter of reproducing the choruses, Mr. Aldington has not followed the usual translator's way of producing rhyming lyrics which embroider and overdo the Greek. His unrhymed lines, which seem to be modelled on Matthew Arnold's,

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are quite effective. Thus the chorus, when Alcestis has been carried in to die, praises her sacrifice in words like these :—

When his mother
And the old father that begot him
Would not give their bodies to the earth
For their son's sake,
They dared not deliver him—O cruel !
Though their heads were grey.
But you,
In your lively youth,
Died for him, and are gone from the light !

Lines 505 and 506, in which Heracles explains that he fears no foe, appear to have been forgotten, unless they are omitted in the text used—a detail that might have been explained. There is no preface to the translation.

TWO MEN OF LETTERS

LETTERS TO FREDERICK TENNYSON. Edited by HUGH J. SCHONFIELD.
Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

Too often, when people die, their effects are sold off without regard for their value. The Editor observed these letters in an old furniture shop; they were part of the effects of Walter Ker, a relation of Tennyson, and they afford new and interesting insight into the Tennyson circle. Frederick was the eldest of a long family remarkable both for its ability and its affectionate unity. The mother appears as a simple soul strong in faith and devoted to her sons. The best letter-writer is the wife of an artist in Rome, Mary Brotherton. She took to automatic writing and produced Greek words without knowing the language. Mrs. Browning with her zeal for such things was much excited but Mrs. Brotherton concluded that the game was not worth the headaches.

Alfred Tennyson was always a reluctant correspondent, but here he adds an enthusiastic postscript about the new baby, Hallam, and notes that an Arctic promontory has been called Cape Tennyson. Strangely enough for a poet, he invested and lost all his money in a scheme for mechanical wood-carving. Dr. Allen, its promoter, writes in 1841 in the glow of assured success; in 1843 he explains that he has utterly ruined himself and "every stick and stave is to be sold to pay A.T." The expansive Doctor was evidently more plausible than satisfactory and it was Edmund Lushington who gave the practical assistance.

George D'Eyncourt declares that Bulwer Lytton was *not* the author of the severe verses on "school-miss Alfred." Of course, he was and Mr. Schonfield prints half of Tennyson's counterblast, which was sent to *Punch* by John Forster. The lines were sup-

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pressed in the "Memoir" of Tennyson by his discreet son, but they show how vigorous a satirist he might have been. Only a mild and impersonal echo of the quarrel now appears in the published "Poems." The Editor has written a good narrative as a framework for the letters.

LOCKHART'S LITERARY CRITICISM. With Introduction and Bibliography. By M. CLIVE HILDYARD. Blackwell, Oxford. 6s.

A SINGULARLY versatile writer, Lockhart made three or four different reputations, and his criticisms fully deserve revival. Miss Hildyard has arranged the results of her patient research in an easily accessible form, and her introduction makes the right points with excellent taste. Lockhart's lapses were mostly due to the fashion of the time, which made a reviewer, as he himself notes, "a smart, clever man of the world, or else a violent political zealot." Politics made him unfair to Leigh Hunt, but he discerned justly enough the limited cleverness of Jeffrey and the shallow side of Macaulay. Tennyson largely justified the *Quarterly* jibes by his suppression and alteration of the poems derided. But the jibes were not, perhaps, "entirely beneficial in their result," since without them we might have had more of Tennyson's rich vein of poetry in his younger days.

Lockhart was man enough to regret in later years some of his judgments, and he was bold in praising authors so different as Euripides, Lamb and Cobbett. Strong affection did not blind his critical power, as appears from his notices of the Waverley Novels. His great care not to distress the living in his use of Scott's private "Journal" appears more admirable in view of the publication in our own times of the peevish, personal notes of A. C. Benson.

GENERAL

TWENTY-ONE MEDIEVAL LATIN POEMS. Edited with Introduction, Text, Translation, and notes. By EDWARD JAMES MARTIN. Scholartis Press. 16s.

MISS WADDELL'S "Mediæval Latin Lyrics" of two years since, following up her admirable work on "The Wandering Scholars," have opened up a new world to many. The well-known lyric,

"I intend to end my days in a tavern drinking,"

shows the verve of the medieval rhymers, and hymns which are familiar to-day are translated from the sacred verse of the same period. This rhyming Latin is well worth study and Dr. Martin provides a good introduction to it in his translations and commentary, printing renderings by Symonds and Neale as well as his own. So far the English workers on the secular side,

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where Symonds was a pioneer, have been few, so that there is ample room for new translations and research. The prejudice which stops short at the so-called "Silver Latin" should not prevail to-day. Dr. Martin shows his quality in such verses as these :

In vain your No, it's time to go,
Life's curtain has descended;
Down the dice falls, on me Death calls,
The time is quite expended,
To wealth, good-bye, let hope go sigh,
The opera is ended.

.....
Thou universe under a curse;
A long farewell I proffer,
O wavering and quavering
Round globe, farewell : thou scoffer,
To me but lies and treacheries
It has been thy joy to offer.

The publishers are to be congratulated on their enterprise in bringing out the book, which is attractively printed by the Alcuin Press.

TALES OF MYSTIC MEANING : BEING SELECTIONS FROM THE MATHNAWI OF JALAL-UD-DIN RUMI. Translated with Introduction by R. A. NICHOLSON. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

JALAL-UD-DIN was a god-intoxicated Sufi and his "Divan," edited and translated by Prof. Nicholson in 1898, ranks among the greatest mystic poetry of the world. The work here chosen for extracts is more homely, a vast rambling discourse rich in digressions which was begun at the request of a favourite disciple as a guide to the problems of life. Fables, anecdotes and parables are used to teach the strange through the familiar. The fables of beasts are frequent and often quite amusing. The snake appears as the image of the sensual self. A man who asked to be tattooed with the design of a lion found the process so painful that he desired the tail, ear and belly to be missed out. The moral is

Brother, endure with patience fresh
To gain deliverance from the miscreant flesh.

The book shows curious contacts with Greece and China. We can see that the prophet discoursing at large might become tedious if he had not so judicious a reducer and pruner as Prof. Nicholson.

BETWEEN THE RIVER AND THE HILLS : A NORMANDY PASTORAL. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. With 34 illustrations. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

WE associate the author with lengthy political articles which are certainly not everybody's reading. This book, however, should be widely appreciated. He is on holiday, describing how he settled in a little Norman village with an old mill, a stream

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and an orchard of his own, a view of the Seine from his windows, and just enough detachment from the road of the motors to secure privacy. The delights of a country life are convincingly depicted, the main one being that one's neighbours can be friends, and everything that happens in the village is a matter of personal interest to its inhabitants. This zealous curiosity may have its unpleasant side, but it is at least a welcome change after the meaningless, moving crowds of a city like Paris. Mr. Huddleston's village actually includes a former favourite of Paris who has turned philosopher and sees his own artistic reputation as half-humbug. The leading figures, from the mayor to the village grumbler, and the local customs, which include the choice of a girl yearly to wear the rose wreath due to a meritorious life, make excellent and amusing reading. We observe that the author, freed from the restless panorama of politics, has found time to philosophize on the significance of life.

The book has the charm and freshness of the air in which it moves, but the critic will find the chapter on the garden a little stale in its quotations. They are good enough in themselves and probably Mr. Huddleston does not know how often they have been used.

A LONDON BOOKMAN. By FRANK SWINNERTON. Secker. 3s. 6d.

THESE letters sent to America from 1920 to 1927 make an attractive record of the literary gossip of the past. We cannot agree with all the author's verdicts—e.g. concerning Sir Walter Raleigh—but he shows notable independence and always speaks out vigorously. When he deals with some of the easy and inadequate stuff that the Press thinks good enough for literary topics, he makes pretty play with it. He is a delightful reducer of literary arrogance. The book is light in hand and a welcome addition to the "New Adelphi Library."

THE GREEK FATHERS. By JAMES MARSHALL CAMPBELL. Harlap. 5s.

THIS book belongs to the series "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," and the influence of the Greek Fathers is not so definite as that recognizable in some other writers. They wrote a great deal, and Professor Campbell, who is evidently well equipped, has composed an able summary of the work of the leading figures. It supposes, however a background of knowledge which now belongs only to the expert. Few are familiar today with the mass of commentary and exhortation preserved in Migne's collection, and the world's thought has passed beyond it.



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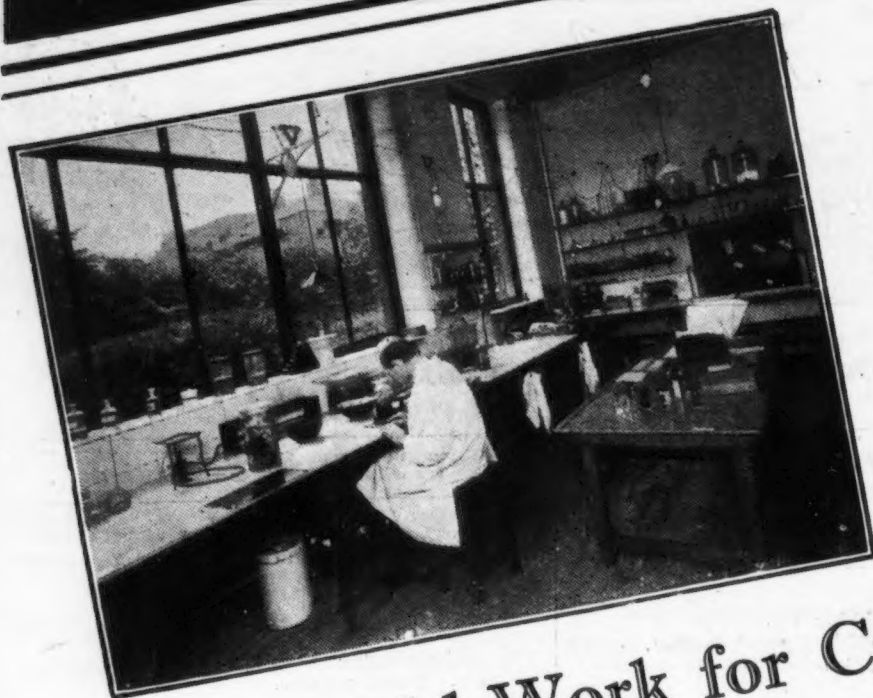
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